THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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MY EXPERIENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"A contented mind is a continual feast."

I've been travelling all the summer,
 Treading moorlands, climbing hills;
Struggling in the clasp of Ocean,
 Paying visits, paying bills.
Breaking bread at lowly tables,
 Feasting with the lords of pelf;
And I've come to this conclusion—
 Few are happier than myself.

God knows, I have seldom met with
 Life-path smooth, or sunny sky;
But I've had, with heavy burdens,
 Strength to bear them from on high.
And the poet-heart He gave me,
 Music in my soul that sings—
Oh! well saidst thou, Bayard Taylor—
 "Poets are Earth's *real* Kings."

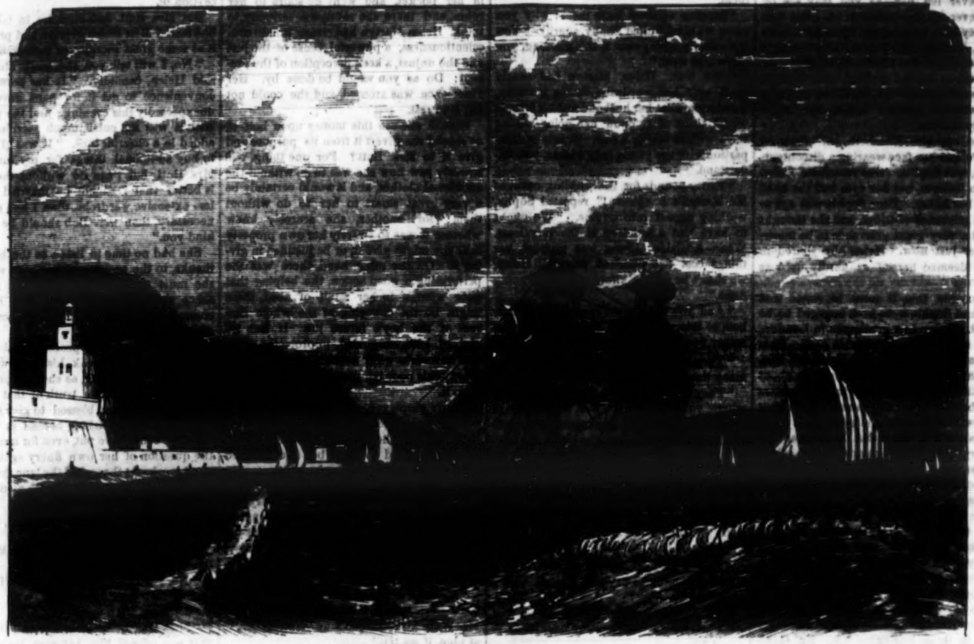
Some grieve over past misfortunes—
 I let by-gones, by-gones be;
Some, in their obtuse perceptions,
 Beauty neither feel nor see.
Unto them Apollo's chariot
 Seems a common country wain;
While I find, in Jersey sand-banks,
 Landscapes worthy Claude Lorraine.

Some have books in rosewood cases,
 Libraries my memory holds;
Some wear purple and fine linen,
 But with sackcloth line the folds.
Owning pearls, they pine for diamonds,
 While contented I go on,
Dress my hair with low-priced ribbands,
 And feel happy—in a lawn.

Some can purchase costly pictures—
 I make pictures with my brain;
Some reside in stately castles,
 I have castles too—*in Spain*.
Some boast much of high connexions,
 Rank and Fashion seek their door;
I shake hands with Worth and Genius,
 And am welcomed by the poor.

Now, reviewing my experience
 In the summer just gone by,
I have come to this conclusion—
 Few are better off than I.
While *my* heart can rest, rock-pillowed,
 Rose-leaves creased *their* sleep annoy;
I enjoy without possessing,
 They possess—but don't enjoy.

Philadelphia.



THE WHIRLPOOL OF CHARYBDIS.

In the immediate neighborhood of Messina, Sicily, are situated those celebrated terrors of the classic mariners, Charybdis and Scylla. The whirlpool of Charybdis is a spot of agitated water from seventy to ninety fathoms deep, circling in rapid eddies. These appear to be occasioned by the meeting of some local lateral currents with the main current. The perils of Charybdis have long been proverbial, and small craft are occasionally endangered by it. Even large vessels of war have sometimes been turned round; but its dangers were exceedingly exaggerated by the ancient writers; and if proper caution is exercised, no peril need be apprehended from it. The whirlpool is situated about a quarter of a mile from the shore, in the middle of a kind of bay, at the back of the locality called the Braccio di St. Rainiere.

The Rocks of Scylla, the twin danger with Charybdis, are situated on the coast of Calabria, a few miles northward of the whirlpool. The dangerous rocks are those lying partly under water at the foot of the bold, rocky headland, upon which is built the Castle of Scylla. The dangers of this place also have always been much exaggerated; the only real peril is when the current and wind are so opposed that a vessel may chance to be driven towards the rocks.

MARTYN WARE'S TEMPTATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," &C.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

The somewhat cold and yet wintry sun threw its rays on one of earth's fair and busy scenes in the spring afternoon of a year gone by. By the side of, but not close to, a factory, which was giving forth its tokens of life and work, was a white house, built in the villa style, large enough for a gentleman's residence, pretty enough, with its artistically laid-out grounds and gardens in the midst of which it stood, to attract the attention of travellers on the proximate high road. Other factories might be seen, near and distant, most of them considerably larger than this one, and other houses, surrounded by their grounds, as well as poorer dwellings, cottages, and huts. This place, situated in the heart of England, was called Wexmoor, and the factory first mentioned was known as Wexmoor Factory. Not many years before, this was the only factory in the district, and those larger and better ones had sprung up since. Its owner was a gentleman of the name of Martyn, and the white villa, built by himself some thirty years previously, was the residence of himself and his family.

Those cold, thin rays are falling on it, and especially on a young lady who is standing at its entrance-door, between the two pillars, drawing on her gloves. A charming looking girl of twenty-two, with a thoughtful face,—very thoughtful for one so young; and steady, somewhat deeply-set eyes of dark blue. She is attired quite plainly, you see: a violet-colored merino dress, a warm, gray shawl, and a cottage straw bonnet, trimmed with ribbons to match, straw-colored. It was long ago, I have told you, before the disfiguring fashions of these later years were invented—the bonnets perched on the back of the head, or surmounting the forehead as a crocodile's mouth; those cottage bonnets of twenty years back made a pretty face look all the prettier.

This was Miss Helen Martyn, the second daughter of the manufacturer. He had four: Elizabeth, Helen, Sophia, and a little one of fourteen, much afflicted, name Amy. He had never had a son, and his wife had died when Amy was born. Elizabeth, the eldest, acted as mistress of the house, and as a sort of mother to the rest, though she was but two years older than Helen.

Helen Martyn drew on her gloves slowly, and then paused and looked thoughtfully out before her, far into the distance. It almost seemed as if she were hesitating whether to go on, or not. At last she descended the white steps, wound round the broad gravel drive which surrounded the lawn before the house, and passed out at the front gate. In turning to the right she nearly ran against a gentleman, who was about to enter it with a hasty step, on his way from the factory. It was Mr. Martyn; a wiry-built man, with a pale, hard face, and cold, gray eyes, bearing not the least resemblance to his daughter.

"Where are you going, Helen?"

"For a walk, papa."

He went on, saying no more. But ere he had well got through the gate, Helen, in her perfect truthfulness, her natural antagonism to anything like deceit, turned and spoke—she was conscious that to take a walk was not the sole object of her leaving home this afternoon. In point of fact, it may almost be said that she was going out in disobedience, for the place she thought to visit, if not positively forbidden in words, had been tacitly interdicted to Mr. Martyn's daughters.

"Papa, I should like to see Mrs. Rutt once more before she leaves on that long voyage. I thought of calling to say good-bye to her."

"You can do as you choose," replied Mr. Martyn.

He did not speak in displeasure, but carelessly, as if the point were not worth consideration, and he hastened on towards the house as he spoke. Helen, feeling quite a weight removed from her heart, went away with a light step.

Continuing her road past the factory, she soon came to a shady green lane. Nearly half-a-mile down this lane was a low-built cottage, very pretty in summer, with its clematis-covered walls, and its rippling brook purling through its homely garden.

Ah, it was a sad tale, and Helen Martyn's heart sank as she approached the cottage with that feeling the "not liking" to enter it. Robert Rutt had been employed by Mr. Martyn for the past six or eight years. He was one of his first men—a sort of overlooker of the rest—and earned three pounds per week. About four years back he had married a widow lady from a distance. The word "lady" is really not misapplied. It was said she was a lady by birth and education, but had fallen into very poor circumstances. It was said also that she had believed Rutt, who was well-looking and superior-mannered man, occupied a higher position in Mr. Martyn's works, to what she found he did occupy. Be this as it might, she had shown no disappointment, but had accommodated herself to her position, as the wife of a working-man, from the first hour Rutt brought her to this cottage at Wexmoor. Mr. Martyn's daughters soon made acquaintance with her, and Helen at least grew to like and respect her—to like very much her young son, then a boy of about eleven years.

Things had gone on smoothly until now; or, to speak with strict correctness, until a few months ago. Late in the month of October, the previous autumn, a circumstance had occurred, unpleasant in itself, and grievously disastrous in the results it was to bring forth. Robert Rutt, thoroughly well-conducted in general—otherwise he would never have been retained in his post by Mr. Martyn—was betrayed one day into drinking, and went into the factory in a half mad state. The man was too well aware of the effect drink had upon him, even worse than it has upon some men, and it was so rare he transgressed that his sobriety had grown into a proverb. Still he had been in this state before—had gone into the factory so—and his master, vexed and angry, had threatened him with dismissal did he ever so forget himself again.

As ill-luck would have it, Mr. Martyn met him on this day as he was rolling in, shouting and singing. Some sharp words ensued. The master ordered him off the premises: Rutt, with some dim idea of proving that he was not incapable, waited his opportunity and stole in afterwards, when Mr. Martyn's back was turned. He attempted to work; he meddled with the machinery, and the result was that a large quantity of work was spoilt, and the machinery almost fatally injured. It was a loss that Mr. Martyn could not well bear; his business had decreased of late years, and something like embarrassed circumstances were beginning to show themselves; hence, perhaps, his anger was more implacable than it might otherwise have been. In vain Rutt, when he came to his senses, humbly expressed his contrition, begged to be taken on again, promised that he never would again so forget himself as long as his life should last. Mr. Martyn would not listen. With stinging reproaches, with scornful words, he drove the man from him, declaring that, so far from forgiving him, it was his intention to refuse him a character, and to bring him to public punishment for the damage he had done. Before the moon, then at the full, had quite completed her monthly course, Rutt was dead. In going in search of work to a neighboring town, it was supposed he came in contact with an infectious disorder: at any rate, he was seized with it, and died in delirium.

His death did not soften the feeling of Mr. Martyn. That gentleman felt the past grievance of his loss as keenly as before, and in this his daughters shared. They sent no sympathising inquiry to the poor wife; they did not vouchsafe her a kind word. It was not perhaps that they did not feel for *her*, but the loss of their father left its bitter sting in their hearts. What with the spoilt machinery, the destroyed goods, the loss of time and incapability to fulfill orders which it entailed, Mr. Martyn's loss could not be estimated at less than a thousand pounds.—A formidable sum to the imagination of these young girls, and all the more formidable because of a dim fear, which had been for some time forcing itself upon their suspicions, that their father could not afford it. Helen alone felt deeply for her. In Helen Martyn's strict sense of justice, she asked her sisters how blame could possibly be reflected upon the wife: she pointed out that the poor wife was even more deeply injured than they were. But she did not care to call and express this: it would have seemed like flying in the face of her father's sense of injury.

Yes, in one sense, the disastrous results fell worse on Mrs. Rutt, for she was left without a living or the means of gaining one. Rutt was a man who had lived up to every shilling of his wages. He liked to see his wife comfortable, to maintain a plentiful home; he was attached to her boy, now a fine lad of fifteen, and had yielded to her wish of keeping him at school, a good day grammar school in the neighborhood, not yet putting him out to earn anything. It is a fact scarcely to be believed, only that there are unhappily too many such facts in the world, that when Rutt died there was not one penny of ready money in the house. Except the furniture, Mrs. Rutt was left entirely destitute: and the furniture of that small house was not of great value.

Many and many a time did Helen Martyn wonder what that poor woman would do, and how she was getting on, or would get on. Gossip spreads in a small locality, and the young ladies heard news from time to time of Mrs. Rutt. First, it was said she was living by disposing of the lighter trifles of her household; next, that her son, who had left the school at Christmas, had found a temporary place at the doctor's, to carry out the physic bottles; by which he earned his food and a shilling or two a week. And last, they heard that Mrs. Rutt and her boy were going to America.

This last news, much as it surprised Mr. Martyn's daughters, proved to be correct.—Mrs. Rutt had a brother settled near Washington, a farmer; she had written to him on the occurrence of her great misfortune, and after the passing backwards and forwards of two or three letters, he had offered her an asylum with him, and to find some employment for her son in the capital. What was perhaps more to the purpose in her temporary strait, he had offered to send the passage money for one of them, hoping she would be able to find the other herself.

And this, Mrs. Rutt, as it was known, had contrived to do. The very man who had succeeded to her husband's post at the works, made arrangements with her for taking the house off her hands, and as much of the furniture as she could leave in it.—That was not much. Her husband had died the first week in November, it was now the end of March, and she had had only that furniture to live upon, parting with it piecemeal. Little wonder, then, that it was with difficulty she could save sufficient money for only her own passage, let alone her boy's. She had no friends in the neighborhood, no advisers: she had never made a friend or sought an acquaintance since she came into it; and the cause is easily explainable. Her position as Rutt's wife debarred her from associating with the superior inhabitants, and her own previous habits of gentility forbade her placing herself on a level with the wives of such men as her husband. It is true the Miss Martyn's had often gone to see her, but only as the wife of one of their father's men, in whom they took an especial interest.

All preliminaries were arranged, and she was to sail from Liverpool at the week's end; was to quit Wexmoor on the morrow. The Miss Martyns heard this; heard that the promised letter from her brother, which was to contain the remittance, had come that very morning; and Helen had determined to run down to bid her good-bye.

To let her go away for ever without a God speed, without a word of kindness to blot out the remembrance of the calamity caused by her husband, and for which she was in no way to blame, struck cruelly on the girl's heart. So Helen told her sisters what she should do, and put her things on; and when you saw her hesitating on the steps, she was deliberating whether to go into the factory in passing, and ask her father's consent, or whether she should go first, and confess afterwards that she had been. The meeting him decided it.

Mrs. Rutt in her widow's cap was seated in the parlor when she entered; a pretty room once, but nearly bare now; and Helen started when she saw her. Helen Martyn had seen grief in her lifetime, but scarcely such grief as this. She sat on a low seat, and was swaying herself to and fro in what looked like the extreme of human sorrow, her head bent forward, the tears slowly coursing down her colorless cheeks. It must be confessed that Helen somewhat wandered: Mrs. Rutt was leaving no ties in the place that she should grieve after them, and she had never pretended to be attached to it. She rose from her low seat at the sight of Helen, and dried her eyes as well as she could; but the look of anguish remained.

"Oh, Miss Helen! Have you indeed come once again?"

"I could not let you go without saying farewell, and giving you our good wishes," was Helen's gentle answer. "My sisters have not come, but they charged me to say everything that was kind for them. I hope you and Bob will get safely to your journey's end, and find a happy home there."

The words seemed to tell upon her terribly. She burst into a renewed fit of grief, so violent that Helen was alarmed. In vain she essayed to speak; nothing came forth but sobs. Helen, feeling shy and uncomfortable, knew not what to say: she came to the conclusion that all this must be for the loss of her husband. At length the sobs grew lighter.

"Miss Helen, pray pardon me! You don't know what it is to part with your only child, to leave him alone to the mercy of the world without guide or protector, to go away from him with scarcely a prospect of ever seeing him again on earth. It is like the parting of death; it has seemed nothing less to me."

Helen could not understand. Amidst blinding tears, amidst struggles to suppress the emotion that went well-nigh to choke her, the explanation was given by Mrs. Rutt. The letter had indeed been delivered to her that morning from America, but the promised remittance was not in it. Her brother had expressed his sorrow at being unable to send it; he had a sufficiently abundant home, but ready money was scarce with him; and he hoped she would manage to find it herself.

"It is an impossibility," she gasped. "I have no means of finding it, I have no friend in the world to help me. There will the expenses, too, I hear, in embarking that I had not bargained for, and I shall have to sell some of my clothes to get away myself."

Helen felt shocked and grieved. "What will be done?" she asked.

"All that can be done is, that I must abandon my boy—it seems to me like abandoning him," was the sobbing answer. "I must go myself: I ought to have been out of this house on Lady-day, Miss Helen, and now it's the twenty-ninth. I must go; I have not a place to put my head in in the old country, not a bit or sup to support me: and my boy, he must stop behind and get a living as he best can. I'd sacrifice myself for my boy if I knew how to sacrifice myself; I'd almost rather part with life than part with him."

"And how much would it cost to take him?" Helen breathlessly asked.

"I had expected ten pounds," she answered; "it was what my brother said he'd send. We could have made it do, Miss Helen. Of course we go in the cheapest way: it is some years since I could afford to be fastidious. Once on the other side, I should not mind if we had nothing left. We'd find our way on foot to Washington."

It was very natural that Helen Martyn's first impulse was to wish she had the money to give: but in the next moment she remembered how entirely futile was the wish. Ready money had not been very plentiful in their home of late; and what she and her sister Sophia had been able to get from their father, or Elizabeth supply from her housekeeping necessities, had been expended for a specified purpose, of which you will soon hear further. All that she could do was to express her heartfelt sympathy, her regret that she had not the money to give; and she did it with a sincere, low voice, and the tears standing in her eyes.

Mrs. Rutt saw how genuine was the sorrow of that fair young face, how great the pain at heart, and she strove to suppress further signs of her own. But when Helen was taking leave, the sobs burst forth again uncontrolled.

"You'll say a kind word to him now and then, Miss Helen, when you get the opportunity. He'll want it, poor lad, for he'll soon be motherless. I shant live long, parted from him."

"Does he stop in Wexmoor?" asked Helen.

"Just at present. I went to the doctor this morning, and he'll keep on for a bit, until something turns up for him."

"What can turn up for him?" wondered Helen.

"Nothing—unless God sends it. And where he'll get a place to sleep, or who'll give him shelter, I don't know. Miss Helen," she continued, in an altered tone, "I'd ask you, if I may dare, when the weddings are to be?"

A soft blush rose to Helen Martyn's cheek.

"In about a month," she answered. "Towards the end of April."

"May Heaven bless you both, and the gentlemen you have chosen!" aspirated Mrs. Rutt, in a low tone.

Helen was walking slowly towards home, thinking upon the poor widow's grief, upon the many sources of sorrow there seemed to be in the world, when a slim, active boy, with a pleasing face and large intelligent dark eyes, came running round the corner of the lane. It was Bob Rutt—as the boy was universally called. He had, of course, no right to the name of Rutt, but he had never been called anything else since he came into the neighborhood: his Christian name happening to be the same as that of his step-father, Robert, had no doubt contributed to the habit. He raised his cap as he came up to Helen, far more as a gentleman would raise it than a working boy.

"I have been to see your mother, Bob," she said. "This is sad news."

"Was she grieving much, Miss Helen?" he eagerly asked. "I could bear it for myself; but I can't bear it for her."

"But you will be sorry to be separated from her, Bob?"

"Sorry!" he echoed, swallowing down a lump in his throat, and turning his face out of sight of Helen's. "When the letter came this morning, it seemed that I could have moved heaven and earth to go with her, and—and—. But it's of no use talking of it," he added, after a broken pause. "Thank you for your sympathy, Miss Helen."

"Oh, Bob, I am sorry! Perhaps you'll get out to her sometime."

"Yes, Miss Helen, perhaps so, if she lives. But she's one to take things dreadfully to heart."

He raised his cap again and went away. And Helen Martyn looked after him with misty eyes through the fading light of the evening sky.

CHAPTER II.

HELEN'S KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

What we should all do without money it is quite impossible to conceive; but one thing appears indisputable, that, if the world could go on without it, a great many of the crosses and heartburnings we are pleased to make our own, and hug to us as if we liked them, would never occur.

When Helen Martyn entered her home, the drawing-room was lighted and the tea waited on the table. They generally dined in the middle of the day: it suited Mr. Martyn's business habits, and it suited Amy's health. Elizabeth sat before the tea-tray, ready to make it as soon as her father came in. He often kept it waiting, and she generally provided herself with some little trifle of work, not to waste the time, as she had now. She was sewing some lace edging to a strip of thin muslin: it was for a nightcap border for one of her sisters. She looked older than her age considerably: any one might have taken her to be seven or eight and twenty, with her grave manners and her somewhat old-fashioned style of dress. The young girl, Amy, stood by her side, holding her chair: a stranger might have observed with wonder a certain peculiar twitching in this child—in her face, her arms, her whole body. She had had in her life, at long extended periods, three attacks of paralysis, the first having occurred when she was little more than an infant, and its signs never left her—as you may see by these never-ceasing twitches. A great deal of money had been spent upon her: fresh doctors, seaside visits; everything possible to be thought of was tried. She did not get much better; but the medical men thought if she could go over the next two or three years without another attack, she might probably recover.

Seated opposite Elizabeth, her elbow on the table, and her face wearing a discontented look, was Sophia. She resembled Helen much in features, but her eyes had the hard look of her father. Poor Sophia was apt to make a grievance of trifles, and she thought she had a very great grievance to be miserable over just now. Helen also shared in it, and deemed herself as hardly used as Sophy.

To explain this, it must be stated that Helen and Sophia were both engaged to be married. Helen to a gentleman in London, of the name of Ware; Sophia to the Rev. Mr. Gazebrook. You heard Helen tell Mrs. Rutt that the weddings were to be in about a month. All being well, the two sisters would be married on the same day. Neither match was particularly eligible in a pecuniary point of view. Mr. Ware was the secretary to a public company; his salary three hundred a year; and the clergyman was incumbent of a small living in Wales, worth not much more than half that sum. But Mr. Martyn had not deemed it well to refuse his consent. He believed both the gentlemen when they represented that their circumstances would be sure to grow better in time; and he told his daughters that if they chose to risk it, to live quietly until these better circumstances came, they might. Hope is strong in the human heart—very strong in those beginning life. Mr. Gazebrook looked forward to a good fat living; and Edward Ware to at least a doubled salary.

But the weddings, or rather the preparations for them, had brought forth some vexations, and Sophia was dilating upon these as she sat there with her elbow on the tea-table and her chin leaning on her hand. The sum which Mr. Martyn had allowed his two daughters for purchasing what fine people call the *trousseau*, but which I would a great deal rather call the wedding clothes, was miserably small; at least it had proved so in the laying out. When given forth to them—and, not to make a mystery, its amount may as well be stated: thirty pounds each—Elizabeth, somewhat close in her views, pronounced it sufficient; in fact, it was Elizabeth who had suggested its amount to her father, though she did not choose to confess it; sixty pounds for the two would be ample, she said to him. But whether the young ladies had gone randomly to work, and bought too expensive things at the onset, or whether it was really inadequate to their wants, certain it was that the money was gone, and while necessaries had been laid in, most of the finery remained to be bought. Even Elizabeth had come to the conclusion that more money must be had; she helped them a little from her housekeeping allowance, but that did not do much good. They had been permitted to make their own purchases, upon the express condition that every article should be paid for when it was bought.

"We had better not have been married at all, if this is to be it," grumbled Sophia. "I have not got a single new silk dress yet, except the wedding one; neither has Helen."

"You have plenty of old ones," said Elizabeth, who deemed it policy to make the best of affairs to her sisters. "One or two of them have scarcely been worn at all; they are equal to new."

"Old ones! what are old ones?" retorted Sophia, getting crosser and more cross. "Never was such a thing heard of, as going to your new home with a heap of old things, and no new ones. Besides, I must have a lace mantle! How am I to get through the summer without a lace mantle?"

Elizabeth went on with her nightcap border, saying nothing. She had a habit of being silent when found fault with by her sisters. Sophia resumed:

"It's a perfect disgrace! Thirty pounds for girls in our station of life. If mamma had been alive she would represent things fitly to papa, I am sure of it: You ought to, Elizabeth. I can't make it out; papa's not a stingy man."

"Look at papa's losses of late, Sophy; at the one caused by Rutt; and his business has been dwindling down and down through want of capital," urged Elizabeth, in a low tone.

"What are we to do for gloves?" was Sophy's answer. "We can't have less than a dozen altogether, dark and light and white; and we have not got the money for a single pair! I wish you were going to be married yourself, Elizabeth; you'd know what it is."

"You *may* manage with what things you have," was Elizabeth's answer. "I will do what I can in the matter; but if the worst comes to the worst you must—"

"Be quiet, Elizabeth! the worst can't come to the worst. *Can* we be married, Helen, with what we have?"

Helen, who had sat quietly near the fire after taking off her things, looked up with the air of one preoccupied. In comparison with the *real* need of money brought to her notice that afternoon, the present discussion jarred upon the heart as savoring of folly. "What did you say, Sophy? Have more things? Yes, I suppose we must have them."

"Suppose we must have them! why you know we must," cried Sophy, angrily. "You were nearly crying over it this morning, you know you were."

Quite true. Helen Martyn *had* nearly cried over her wardrobe in the morning, wondering what her husband and his friends would think of it, upon her going among them with so scanty a one. Scanty in comparison with the young lady's ideas, you understand.

"Thirty pounds for the wedding outfit of Mr. Martyn's daughters!" repeated Sophy, working herself into a fume. "We ought to have had a hundred at the very least. When Adelaide Gibson was married, her things cost two hundred pounds. Helen, we shan't be able to afford a single evening dress."

"And you don't want them," said Elizabeth to this. "Evening dresses you *do not* want: you have enough."

"They have been worn I don't know how many times," shrieked Sophy.

"They *look* good, and they will be new where you are going. For the matter of that, Sophy, it is not to be expected that you will have much evening visiting in that remote and quiet place. Helen may have more in London. Amy, dear, you are shaking my chair."

"And I shall want dresses for it," said Helen, rousing herself from her recollections. "Oh, dear! I wish I was rich!"

"I wish we could have tea!" interposed Sophy, going to another temporary trouble. "I have fifty things to do afterwards, and a long letter to write."

"Talking of letters, did you know that papa heard from Mr. Ware to-day, Helen?" asked Elizabeth.

"No; did he?" cried Helen, eagerly.

"Papa came in for some books he wanted this afternoon, and told me then; he forgot to mention it before. Mr. Ware is coming to-morrow for a day or two."

The pleasure which the information brought to Helen's face soon changed to pain. This embarrassment about the wardrobe seemed all the worse from the near prospect of the presence of Mr. Ware. Elizabeth suddenly inquired whether she had seen Mrs. Rutt.

"Yes," replied Helen. "She was in the greatest trouble; I never saw distress like it before. She has to leave Bob behind her."

"Why?"

Helen explained. Miss Martyn did not seem to think much of it, and Sophy was too entirely absorbed in her own ill-humor to listen. They did not witness her distress, thought Helen. Just then, Mr. Martyn came in, and tea began. Sophia would touch nothing, and upon her father asking the cause she burst into tears. "Hey-day!" cried he.

"If you would but allow us a little more for our things, papa," she sobbed. "We went over the list to-day, what we have and what we want. We have got nothing, hardly."

"I expect that you have been spending the money foolishly," said Mr. Martyn.

"No, papa. All the things that you would call foolish remain to buy yet. Papa, we ought to leave home a little decent."

He made no reply then, but when he had finished his tea, drew out his pocket-book, took from it two bank-notes, and gave one to Helen and one to Sophy.

"Now, understand me, this is all you will have. Had circumstances been with me as they have been, a score of pounds more or less would be of no moment, but that is not the case now. I am doing all I can to retrieve my position, and I believe I should have gone far to retrieve it by this time, but for the conduct of Rutt. That, with what you have had, will make forty pounds each, and if you can't buy enough finery for a wedding with forty pounds, all I can say is, that you must keep single."

He quitted the room as he spoke, and returned to the factory. Elizabeth took the note out of Helen's hand, and looked at its amount,—£10.

"I am glad he listened to me," she observed.

"Listened to *you!*" cried Sophy.

"Yes. When papa came for those books this afternoon, I spoke to him; asking him to let you have a little more if he could, as it was difficult to spin out the thirty pounds. You may buy the gloves now, Sophy."

Sophy's eyes were sparkling. Ten pounds certainly would not purchase silk gowns, and evening gowns, and gloves, and lace mantles, and a hundred other things; but it had come unexpectedly, and she was not in the mood just then to make calculations.

And Helen? Helen took a piece of paper and a pencil, and dotted down the things she would like, and their probable cost. Upon adding up the sum total, she found it come to just nine-and-twenty pounds. So she turned the paper to the other side, and put down what she most wanted,—what she thought she could not do without,—and added up that. Fifteen pounds five shillings, this time; and there was nothing for it but to go over it again with fresh subtraction.

While doing this, one sole thought kept presenting itself to her; it worried her brain, it thumped against her conscience. To do without these things would not be a matter of life and death—and that other matter, to which she *might* apply the money, almost was such.

Presently she put the paper and pencil in her pocket, and went up-stairs to her room, and there she sat down seriously to think. Helen Martyn had strong innate conscientiousness, a powerful sense of the just and the unjust, a keen perception of the precept: Do as you would be done by. Her conscience was aroused, and she could not lull it to rest.

Should she use this money upon herself, or should she divert it from its purpose and give it to Mrs. Rutt? For one thing, she scarcely saw how she was to do without the additional clothes, and it would certainly be a very great smart to her to do without them; for another, she scarcely knew whether it was so entirely her own property that she might give it, or be justified in giving it. On the other hand, there was the performing a good action, the helping that poor woman in her strait of need, there might be the changing of the whole current of the boy's future life. If Bob remained here, unguided, unprotected, who was to foresee what mischief he might fall into? This poor ten pounds might save him from it.

Sorely perplexed—and yet the innate conviction was upon her that she must and should give the money—Helen Martyn bowed her head upon the bed and breathed a word for guidance; she had been taught that wonderful truth, that those who consult God need no other guide. A very few minutes, and she went down-stairs again. Sophy was talking her tongue out about the fresh purchases to be made on the morrow; in that moment all was *couleur de rose* to Sophy Martyn.

"Helen, we must go out the instant breakfast's over, or we shall not be home before Mr. Ware arrives. We may leave the house at nine, if we try."

"Yes," replied Helen, but her tone was a somewhat hesitating one.

"Elizabeth, I hope you'll go with us. Your judgment is so good, you know. And without you," added Sophy, ingeniously. "I may be spending nearly all my money in waste."

"I will go if I can," said Elizabeth. "But you had better make a list to-night of the things you require, put down the sum you can afford for each, and not be tempted when in the shop to go beyond it."

"I'll do it now," said Sophy.

Helen meanwhile waited until her father came in. As was nearly sure to be the case (don't we all find it so?) because she wanted him to come in earlier than usual, he was considerably later. The clock struck nine when she heard him enter, and go into a room that was chiefly used by himself. She ran down to it.

Mr. Martyn was standing with his back to the door, searching apparently for something in his bureau, the lid of which he held open. Helen advanced and stood near until he had leisure to attend to her. In a minute he turned to her with a questioning glance.

"That ten-pound note that you have given me, papa, may I spend it in any way that I please?"

"To be sure you may," replied Mr. Martyn, with a slight look of surprise.

"I mean, papa, may I lay it out in *any* way?" she repeated. "Suppose I wished to appropriate it to something quite different from clothes—may I consider it entirely mine to do so?"

"You can do what you like with it," he said. "My private opinion is, that the money I previously gave you was sufficient without this. However, you have got it."

"Helen went up stairs, put on her bonnet and shawl, and stole quietly from the house. It was a fine moonlight night, and she had no fear of going alone. She knew that the money, to be of use, must be given that night; Mrs. Rutt had told her that she should be away on her road to Liverpool with morning light. As she was turning into the lane, she met the boy, Bob. He deemed himself perfectly alone, and he was giving vent to his emotion in loud sobs as he walked; loud and distressing they sounded in the still night.

"Bob, is it you?"

Ashamed at being caught so, Bob turned his face away, and pretended to whistle a song. Helen would not appear to have noticed it.

"I want to say a few words to your mother, Bob. "Is she alone?"

"Yes, she's quite alone. I'll walk with you, Miss Helen."

They went along side by side; Helen steadily; Bob rather noisily. The boy was exercising his legs and his tongue, trying to make appear that such a thing as weeping, for a bold young man like himself, was among the physical impossibilities.

Mrs. Rutt was up-stairs, but came down when she heard them. She was not crying, but the settled look of despair upon her face would have wrung Helen Martyn's heart, but for the secret she held within her. She was a shy, timid hand at giving, feeling quite as uncomfortable in it as Bob had felt at being caught weeping, and the explanation was given, and the ten-pound note laid down, more awkwardly than graciously.

But to see Mrs. Rutt's joy!—to see the changed countenance of poor Bob as he stood in a corner, his lips apart, his bright color fading from his cheeks with emotion! Helen's eyes were wet, as the blessing she had given came home to her heart, and I fear Bob in that moment looked upon her as the most real angel he had ever had conception of.

But Mrs. Rutt had scruples in taking it. She feared Miss Helen Martyn had procured it at some great sacrifice or inconvenience.

"No, I will tell you the truth about it," said Helen, candidly. "It has been no inconvenience to get it, for papa gave it me unexpectedly this evening; and the parting with it will not entail much sacrifice," she added in a cheerful tone. "It was given me to buy additional things for my marriage, Mrs. Rutt, but I can do without them. It is better that I should be married with a less extensive wardrobe than I had deemed necessary, than that Bob should be left behind you."

She had no time to listen to the heartfelt thanks, to the prayers for her own welfare; she must hasten home again, lest her absence should be discovered, and cause a commotion. Bob Rutt followed her out in silence to see her home.

And in silence they proceeded along the lane. Bob did not speak, his heart was full; and Helen was feeling, as she had never yet felt it in her life, the truth of that golden precept—It is more blessed to give than to receive. She was asking herself in wonder how she could have put, even for a moment, the question of her own finery against this good work. At the end of the lane they were in the bustle and lights of Wexmoor, and Helen stopped.

"You need not come any farther, Bob. I can run on by myself now."

"I'll go with you to your door, Miss Helen."

"No, I would rather go alone. I am all but there. Good-by, Bob, I wish you all good wishes."

"Miss Helen," he said, clasping the hand that was offered him between both of his, and struggling hard to subdue all outward emotion, "I shall never forget what you have done this night. I am sure that my mother will repay you as soon—"

"No, no, Bob, I don't wan't to be repaid," she interrupted; "I shall be going from here almost directly, you know. I hope you will get on in the land you are going to, and that will be my repayment. Fare you well."

She hastened on, leaving the boy looking after her, his heart full, his gratitude shining through his face. Bob's first thought was to wish he was a grown-up man and a gentleman, that he might marry Miss Helen Martyn, instead of Mr. Ware. He deemed it impossible there could be two Helen Martyns in the world.

With the morning, Helen had to tell what she had done. It was quite impossible that she could suddenly decline to make any more purchases, without confessing the cause—that her money was gone; and equally impossible not to be obliged to disclose what had become of it. Elizabeth called her foolish; Sophy opened her cold, gray eyes, and wondered whether Helen was mad.

"The *whole* of it given!" she reiterated, "why, you can't buy one single thing more! What *will* you do?"

"I shall manage very well with what I have," was Helen's answer. "We had a very good stock of things, you know, Sophy; and I shall contrive sundry changes in my old dresses to make them look like new. I lay awake last night thinking how it could be done."

Yes, it is wonderful how different things look in contrasted aspects of mind. When Helen, like Sophy, had felt angry and mortified over the small sum allowed them, she regarded her stock of clothes with the utmost disparagement; but now that she *wished* to make them do, that she put cheerfully the best face upon the matter, they seemed really good enough and extensive enough for anything she could wish. Ah, my friends, half the worry of life would be soothed, if we could but bring our own rebellious minds into a more accommodating frame.

But Helen had to encounter worse than the reflections of her sisters—the astonished anger of her father. Mr. Martyn was really displeased: perhaps all the more so because *the Rutts* had been the objects of Helen's bounty. But in any case he would have looked upon it in an absurdly ridiculous light; as we look upon some of the feats of chivalry of the old days of romance, and deem them unsuitable to these. He reproached Helen, telling her that money was not so plentiful with him, and that if she had no need of it she should have given it back to him.

"You told me I might use it as I pleased, papa," was Helen's deprecating answer. "I asked you if I might."

But the reminder only made Mr. Martyn more angry. In point of fact, he had not given much thought to the matter when Helen applied to him, carelessly supposing that if she did not wish to spend it upon clothes, it was only because she had set her heart upon some other sort of superfluity. Helen felt thankful that the Rutts were really gone, lest in his displeasure he might be for ordering her to reclaim the money from them.

Mr. Ware arrived in the course of the day, and the story was told to him. Without openly casting blame to her, Helen could see that he condemned her at heart, looking upon it in the same light as her father; and there was a tone of ridicule in his voice when he spoke of her "knight-errantry," which made her cheeks burn. Poor Helen shut herself in her chamber, and sobbed aloud. In that bitter moment she felt tempted to wish she had not given away the money. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOB'R 3, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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MODERN CIVILIZATION.

In that England, which seems to so many thoughtless and impatient Americans so enviable and splendid, *one person out of every eight* was a pauper in 1848; and in 1861, before the cotton famine began, and with no war on their hands, England's and Ireland's paupers *had increased about five per cent. yearly since* 1851. With three million more population, *less* land was under cultivation than in 1851, and one-third of her people were fed from foreign sources. The details of the facts are tragical. The problem they offer seems almost hopeless.

Our civilization differs from that of England, inasmuch as it favors the distribution of estates upon the death of the holders, instead of encouraging, and in many instances enjoining the leaving of the family property mainly to a single heir. The rule in the United States is to divide the property of a parent equally among the children—boys and girls alike; and though this rule is not made imperative by law, it has so strong an aid in public opinion, that it is only occasionally deviated from, and then generally for what are thought sufficient reasons.

In England, under a different system, the number of holders of land have dwindled astonishingly during the last hundred years. Thus we see it stated that in the year 1770 there were in England alone 250,000 freehold estates in the hands of 250,000 different families. While in the year 1815 the whole of the lands of England were concentrated in the hands of only 32,000 proprietors. So that since 1770 the number of the freeholds has been diminishing at a much greater ratio than that at which the numbers of the population have been increasing.

That the legal systems of Primogeniture and Entail—and the influence exerted by them on estates which are outside of these systems, through the mere force of example—are to a considerable extent the causes of this increasing monopoly of the land of England, would not probably be denied. But that there are other causes in the cherished principles of modern civilization, which tend to promote the same end, is very evident. All society based upon the principle that every man has the right to buy as cheap, and sell as dear as he can—without taking into consideration the necessities of those from whom he purchases commodities, labor or wages—must inevitably lead, as it seems, and has long seemed, to us, to the many dangerous evils of pauperism on a large scale, such as England is now called upon to confront.

This is not the proper time, nor is this perhaps the proper place, to discuss this subject at greater length. It is well, however, for all of us to keep in mind that the civilization of England is by no means perfect, in order that we may not blindly follow in her footsteps.

The Horticultural Exhibition.

For the space of four days and four evenings the Philadelphia Academy of Music presented all the attractions which the poet has ascribed to the Vale of Cashmere, when the fair Nourmahal wept amidst the Feast of Roses. You who have seen this magnificent temple in all the glory of an opera night, when every seat blazed with rich attire, and eyes that dimmed the diamond's glare flashed on every side—when the stage was gorgeous in its pageantry—and the ai was vibrating with the glorious music of the "children of the noon-day," hear of a spectacle far different from such an exciting scène. Yes; it is even the Academy where are arrayed plants in their deep verdure, and fruits in their mellow perfection. This is the stage where Gazzaniga and Brignoli have loved to sing, and Cushman, Booth and Forrest found a field worthy of their remarkable dramatic impersonations—where Gough with native eloquence has electrified the audiences which thronged the spacious auditorium—where the classic declamation of Murdoch and the polished oratory of Everett have thrilled the soul with pure delights. But how transformed the scene! The parquette and stage form a continuous platform, and long lines of tables groan beneath their burdens—the mysterious green-room is open to the public—spangled drapery occupies the place of the canvass flats; and the throng pass and repass amid the very *penetralia* of the muses. Whilst the sweet music from a band stationed near the south proscenium box is wafted through the air, let us pause to study the peculiarities of a few of the plants which surround us.

Behold the Echinocactus; it is an useful plant; for within this prickly shell rests a small quantity of pure water, which is truly the *eau de vie*, being the sole drink of the traveller in the Mexican plains; and even the wild horse has learned its contents and with skillful hoof he rends the rind asunder and slakes his thirst in the cooling liquid. Art thou a lover of the curious?—observe then this Century plant; it is now, for the first time since one hundred long years, in full blossom. Here is the plant from whence is taken the ingredients of guava jelly; it appeals strongly to the sympathies of the epicure. Classical student, pause at this humble plant, it is the *laurus nobilis*, the laurel of the ancients, whence the Delphic priestesses wove their garlands, and with which the panting victor in the Pythian games was crowned. There stands the Sensitive plant—a link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms—gracefully drooping its delicate branches. The tea drinker rejoices to find in a conspicuous place the growing herb; whilst the cotton plant, hard by, is labelled with a supposition which will excite the smile of the learned reader. It predicates that *poetry* is prophecy, and that the Iliad is pre-eminently allegorical; for the fair Helen we are to substitute the cotton staple; Jefferson Davis is transformed into Paris, the violator of the ties of hospitality; and this gigantic rebellion answers to the siege of Troy. It is to be hoped that it will be of less duration.

It would be impossible, however, to enumerate all objects worthy of notice which have presented their claims for attention; and passing along rows of shrubs and multifarious exogens known only to the professed botanist we pause before a grotto—a superb piece of workmanship—which is dripping with water flowing from a hidden spring; and fostering beneath its shade the gem of the exhibition, the Victoria Regia. It is a water lily of huge size and rare beauty; which reposes serenely in its native element regardless of the admiring looks of the beings who surround it.

In the *foyer*, resplendent with fresco and looking-glass, are displayed apples and pears fitting for Pomona's necklace, peaches ruddier than the cheeks of Hebe; and the tables glisten

> "With grapes of gold, like those that shine
> On Casbin's hills;"

grapes redolent with the sweetest of perfume, and worthy to be pressed into

> "The wine, divine, that flames so red
> In Sansavine."

Guardian "stars" are in attendance at these tempting boards, and the caution "Touch Not" flares on every side. In the lobby we find the fairy-like skeleton plants whose fibres have yielded to the caresses of water, and naught but the nerveless shadows remain. A choice collection of polished woods is worthy of attention. In the lower regions are gathered the vegetables, remarkable for nothing but their enormous size.

Let us seat ourselves and view the house from an elevated station. The galleries blaze with beauty, and the main floor is gay with pedestrians. Oh for power to describe the carnival before us—the handsome men—the beautiful young girls and stately women; the fine figures, the glowing cheeks, the arch lips, seeming to woo caresses, the eyes of sparkling black or pensive blue; and the vast array of bonnets of colors as various as those of the rainbow, yet all more or less tinctured with the prevalent fiery hue. Gay sounds floating through the air harmonize with the beauty of the occasion, and we acknowledge cordially our indebtness to the genius of a Birgfield. Such was the festival, and the suffering soldier to whose lips the Sanitary and Christian commissions shall administer soothing delicacies will praise the bounty of the citizens of the city which was rightly named Philadelphia.

* *

☞ BEES.—A number of persons in the country who own bees, say that there has not been, during the past summer, a single case of swarming within their own observation. They do not pretend to give a satisfactory reason for the fact, but it is suggested that the great quantity of rain which fell during the swarming season, may possibly have interfered with the operations of the bees.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AFTER THE BATTLE; OR, FLING OUT THE FLAG ONCE MORE. A Patriotic Song and Chorus. Music composed and respectfully dedicated to the Army of the Potomac by C. W. Heywood. Words by H. Peterson. Published by Blodgett & Bradford, Buffalo; for sale by W. A. Pond & Co., New York, and S. Brainard & Co., Cleveland.

Our readers will perceive by the above that Mr. Heywood has been putting some verses of ours to music. The music strikes us as being very good—of the words of course we say nothing.

THE AMBER GODS, AND OTHER STORIES. By HARRIET ELIZABETH PRESCOTT. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA, or Incidents and Scenes in the Battle Fields and in Richmond. By Rev. J. J. MARKS, D. D. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. A very interesting book, and illustrated with spirited engravings.

OUR OLD HOME: A series of English Sketches. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Everything that Hawthorne writes is interesting; but one of the most *amusing* things in the book to the Philadelphia reader, is the affecting anecdote of the old English reprobate who duped the author with a story of his having lived in "*Ninety-second street*" in this city. Philadelphia will be a pretty big city when the numbers of its streets get into the nineties.

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY. By L. AGASSIZ. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of East Lynne, &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

A CLASS-BOOK OF CHEMISTRY, in which the Latest Facts and Principles of the Science are Explained and Applied to the Arts of Life and the Phenomena of Nature. With over three hundred Illustrations. By EDWARD L. YOUMANS, M. D., author of "The Chemical Chart," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

PALMONI; OR, THE NUMERALS OF SCRIPTURE A PROOF OF INSPIRATION. A Free Inquiry. By M. MAHAN, D. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. A Dramatic Romance. In Two Parts. By HENRY TAYLOR. Published, in blue and gold, by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October, contains articles by Whittier, Emerson, Charles Sumner, D. A. Wasson, Mrs. Whitney, &c., &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for October, contains articles by E. A. Hastings, Miss Prescott, Anthony Trollope, Miss Evans, &c. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

☞ When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle, was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro named Harry who used to be loafing about the premises. One day, in a social mood, Biddle said to the darkey—"Well, what is your name, my old friend?" "Harry, sir; ole Harry," said the other, touching his seedy hat. "Old Harry," said Biddle, "why that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?" "Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "sometimes ole Harry, and sometimes ole Nick."

☞ RESURRECTION AND CREATION.—See ye not that the living die? How then can ye believe that the dead shall live? Dost believe in a creation? Well, then, if what never before existed exists now, why may not that which once existed exist again?

☞ MUMPS.—A corporal in a West Virginia regiment went home on a furlough, and at its expiration applied for an extension in this style:

My Dear Commander:—It is with pleasure I takes my pen in Hand to inform You that I am taken with the Mumps, and hope you are enjoying the same blessing; but if thar ar danger, or if you think thar ar, report to me immediately at Buckcannon and I am at your service,

MUMPS OR NO MUMPS

☞ The bed of Og was twenty-seven feet long, and seven feet broad. The height of Goliath was eleven feet; his coat weighed one hundred and fifty, and his spear nineteen pounds. The body of Orestes, son of Agamemnon, leader of the Grecian expedition against Troy, was eleven and a half feet high. Maximus, a native of Spain, the Roman Emperor, was eight and a half feet high; his wife's bracelets served for finger rings. Mons. Bikin, the Belgian giant, is nearly eight feet high.

☞ Science in Paris is cruelly subjecting live dogs to the misery of being cut up alive, in order to note the circulation of blood, the process of respiration, &c. The cries of the unfortunate victims have made several neighborhoods untenable.

☞ PICKETS.—A soldier, gaining his knowledge of military phrases entirely from his own experience, give the following definition:—"Pickets—These are chaps that are cent out to borry terbacker of the enema, and to see if the rebels has got a pas."

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MRS. M. B. GRIER,
Chairman Executive Committee.
MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE,
Corresponding Secretary.
MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer,*
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

Below we give our readers a letter, for which we are indebted to the Cleveland Branch. It will be particularly interesting at this time, when all hearts are turning with painful interest to the gallant Army of the Cumberland, and its noble leader. Murfreesboro' is their base of supplies, and it is to be hoped that many of the poor sufferers at Chattanooga will be benefitted by the hospital garden, so wisely planned, and brought to such successful results. The battle of Gettysburg occurring so late in the summer, rendered it impossible to attempt any thing of the kind in the neighborhood of those hospitals. There is therefore the more reason why the good people of our state should remember the poor fellows who have redeemed Pennsylvania with their blood, and send to them of their abundance the products of the season which are loading our own tables. There need be no fear that too much will be done. After all has been supplied from the Commissariat, as well as from the stores of the Sanitary Commission, there yet remains a large margin to be filled by the grateful people of Pennsylvania. The choicer kinds of vegetables and the fruits of the season, peaches, apples, pears grapes, that would comfort our invalid friends under our own roofs, shall we not send them to our brave deliverers as the offering of our grateful hearts?

We know that such stores sent to Gettysburg would be most thankfully appreciated by the poor fellows, many of whom will never be able to leave them. While they live, let us cheer their painful hours with the evidences of our care, and when they sleep in the dust of Pennsylvania, guard their resting-place with holiest, tenderest reverence.

Dr. Gordon Winslow of the Sanitary Commission at Gettysburg, will attend to the faithful distribution of all such supplies as are sent to him.

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—LETTER FROM M. C. READ, ESQ., AGENT SANITARY COMMISSION.

STEPHENSON, ALABAMA,
Sept. 4, 1863.

Secretary Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio:—Your inquiries in a letter which reached Murfreesboro', after I left for the North, was never received by me on account of my absence, but I presume you have before this, received satisfactory information from other quarters. Upon my arrival here I find the army scattered over great breadth of territory, with the prospect of an early engagement, and although generally in good health, in want of all kinds of stores usually forwarded to your Society. The commissary department is now furnishing no vegetables, and all that the soldiers, sick or well, can obtain, are furnished through the Commission. Indeed it is only when an especial pressure, through the reports of surgeons or medical and Sanitary inspectors is brought to bear upon the Commissary department, that it furnishes so bulky rations as vegetables in any considerable quantities, and these frequently commencing the supply after serious evil has accrued from the want of them.

We are now distributing a moderate but not a full supply to all within our reach from this point, and hope to start to-morrow for a general reconnoissance of the wants of the whole army now stretching along over mountains and valleys with a front of over one hundred miles.

We require for constant distribution potatoes, onions, pickles, butter, cheese, eggs, canned and dried fruits, faranaceous delicacies, stimulants, cordials, etc., and wish to accumulate here a supply of bandages, rags, hospital clothing, etc., in anticipation of an engagement.

The hospital garden at Murfreesboro', in which you have taken an especial interest, has proved a complete success, and has already done much and will do more towards meeting the demand for vegetables.

The gardener has handed me an account of the quantities of vegetables already gathered which, with his estimate of the amount yet to be gathered, gives an aggregate of 6,600 bushels of vegetables, not including pumpkins, squashes, melons, cucumbers, lettuce, radishes, spinage, etc., of which there was a good supply, and 25,000 cabbages of which there were planted 35,000. He is an experienced market gardener, and tells me that the products of the garden would sell in the Northern markets for over $10,000. This certainly shows a profitable result; for the entire expense to the Commission for seed and garden tools, and to Government for hired contraband labor, will not, I think, exceed $500, the garden part of the work having been done by the convalescents. And as they have always been moderately worked, the labor has been to them better than medicine.

To visitors, I am told, a feature of the garden not least attractive has been the brilliant display of flowers from the supply of plants furnished by you and your associates. It is true the hospital is now abandoned, but while the tents were filled with the sick the flowers had reached their highest stage of perfection, and had warmed with pleasant thoughts of home the heart of many a sick soldier.

The garden is still in charge of Mr. John Harriman, of the 101st O. V. I. It is securely guarded and the products sent to the different hospitals where and when they are most needed.

I trust your co-laborers and auxiliary societies will continue your labors with unabated zeal, for I fear a large increase of sickness during this hot weather, especially in those regiments which may be stationed along the Tennessee, where the fogs at night are very thick and cold, and cannot fail to produce disease. Families along the river are frequently found, sometimes numbering ten or twelve persons, every one sick with intermittent fever, and some of them saying they have not had a particle of salt in their houses for twelve months, and are now without medicine and almost without food. Such is war. It reaches in its effects the innocent and the guilty alike, and those who have not seen it can little imagine how it can blight and destroy a country. May it never reach the borders of the Free North.

Yours, very respectfully,
M. C. READ,
Agent U. S. San. Com.

We give an appeal from the Cleveland Branch for the sufferers in Kansas, and most heartily unite with them in the promise to receive and forward any supplies for those poor victims of war that may be sent to our care.

AID FOR KANSAS.

We continue to receive urgent calls for aid to the refugees in Leavenworth and vicinity. The late terrible occurences in that locality must have touched all hearts with sympathy for the hundreds who are suffering the loss of home and property, and have fled for protection to the friends of the Union in other towns. We publish to-day another letter from Mr. Brown, and will be glad to receive and forward any stores that can be gathered in answer to his appeals.

CHICAGO SANITARY COMMISSION ROOMS,
September 5, 1863.

Ladies' Aid Society, Cleveland:

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am in receipt of letters from Leavenworth that describe the condition of the sufferers at Lawrence as most deplorable, and urging me to do everything possible to raise help for them in Cleveland and Chicago, and to have proper appeals made through the Sanitary Commission, as the people will then have confidence, and will give liberally. I am willing to take charge of any relief that may be sent to my care, and will account to you in some manner, as for sanitary goods. I do hope that you will do what you can, and I know that your kind hearts will prompt you to do your whole duty in this matter, with no word from me. My young man at Leavenworth informs me that your shipment of goods was received.

Yours, very respectfully,
L. R. BROWN.

DONATIONS.

SEPTEMBER 14th, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Soldiers' Aid, Mansfield, Tioga county, S. E. Morris, Sec'y, 1 barrel, 1 box.
Aid Society, Wellsboro, Tioga county, Miss L. E. Moore, Sec'y, 1 box.
Mrs. Platt, 1 package.
Colored Women's Loyal Union League, 404 Walnut street, 1 package.
Ladies' Aid, Coudersport, Potter co., 2 boxes.
St. Paul's Aid Society, Chestnut Hill, 1 box, 1 package.
Ladies' Aid Society, Montrose, Susquehanna county, Miss E. C. Blackman, 1 barrel.
Mrs. Matilda Thompson, Ashland, Schuylkill county, 1 box.
Mrs. W. F. Griffits and family, 1011 Clinton street, 1 package.
Mrs. Jayne, 206 South Fourth st., 1 package.
Field Hos. Aid Society, Germantown, 4 pkgs.
Mrs. Fletcher, 1 package.
Mrs. Judge Read, 1 package.
Mrs. J. R. Latimer, Wilmington, Del., 1 demijohn.
Mrs. Collet, 1 package.
Rev. E. Lycott, Soldiers' Aid, Lower Merion, 1 barrel.
Ladies' Aid, Mellville, N. J., 1 box.
Dr. Brainard's Church, Union Aid Society, Mrs. Farr, Sec'y, 2 packages.
Whitpain Centre Square, Montgomery county Aid Society, Miss S. A. Conard, 1 box.
Mrs. Warner Johnson, School Lane Circle, 1 package.
Miss R., Moss Section, Hebrew Aid Society, 1 box.
St. Luke's Church, Phila., Mrs. James, Sec'y, clothing.
Ladies' Aid Society, Hazleton, 2 boxes.
Soldiers' Aid Society, N. and E. Coventry, Pottstown, Mrs. Oliver Wells, 1 box.
Miss Haven, Moyamensing Aid Society, 1 pkg.
Ladies' Aid, Trenton, N. J., Mrs. S. B. Johnson, 1 box.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

God's justice is a bed, where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.
For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.
—*Faber.*

☞ "Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a darkey, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first-rate, but don't let go worth a cent."

☞ A negro about dying was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, yes," he replied, "if I dies I forgive dat nigga; but if I gits well, dat nigga must take car."

☞ The editor of the Aroostook Pioneer, went to Boston recently by the sea route, and says he was fortunate enough to get peaceable possession of "the only cot unoccupied in the saloon among a bevy of crinoline." He naively adds, "to one whose nerves are strong, such an occasion is not unattended with some degree of pleasure!"

☞ Our Minister, Clay, at St. Petersburg, has obtained from the Russian Government a charter for a telegraph line from the mouth of the Amoor river to America. He thinks it will unite all the continents and be the great work of the age.

☞ Bob Toombs, of Georgia, says he prefers death on the battle field to union with the North on any terms whatever. Let him take his choice by all means.

☞ An infallible way to make a fiddler mad, is to deprive him of his *resin*.

A DUEL ON HORSEBACK.

The author of "Notes from the South," Colonel Estvan, an English rebel officer, gives the following graphic account of an episode in one of the fights that took place during McClellan's operations on the Peninsula:—Meantime an episode in the fight occurred in the shape of a duel between one of the enemy's dragoons and one of our Texans, on a small field close by. The dragoon evidently scorned to join in the fight of his comrades, and displayed such skill in the management of his horse and the use of his sword, that it was quite a pleasure to watch him. In vain did the Texan make lunge after lunge, and try all sorts of expedients to overcome his antagonist. The dragoon sat as firm as a rock in his saddle, wielding his sword like a brand of lightning. By the manner in which he handled his horse and weapon, I judged at a glance that he was a German trooper, and I could not help watching the exciting contest with great interest. The Texan continued to wheel round his opponent on his fleet barb, eagerly seeking to deal a home thrust, whilst the dragoon, with a cold, steady eye, followed all the movements of his impetuous antagonist. At last they closed in earnest. A blow, a parry and a thrust followed close on each other.

The Texan had slashed the dragoon's shoulder so that the blood began to flow, which aroused a cheer from the Texans looking on, but at the same moment the former received a back stroke, which cut through the sleeve and flesh of his left arm. The Texan now backed his horse like lightning, and his fellow troopers rushed forward to look at his wound; but without paying any heed to his hurt, he again dashed at his opponent, and made a lunge at his breast. The dragoon parried it with great dexterity, and at the same time let fly a "quarte," which caused a slashing wound in the Texan's back. The latter spurred on his horse to a little distance, and before I could take means to prevent the cowardly act, deliberately took out a pistol, and shot the brave dragoon, who fell dead from his saddle. The bullet had entered just below the region of the heart. Much grieved at his fate, I ordered a grave to be dug to receive the remains of the brave German trooper. We buried him in his regimentals, his trusty sword on his breast, and his pistol by his side. This sad act having been performed, I sent for the Texan, and after reprimanding him severely for his cowardly conduct, I ordered him to seek service in some other corps, telling him that I could not think of allowing a fellow of his stamp to remain in my regiment. The Texan scowled at me with his wild cat-like eyes, and uttering an oath, he mounted his horse, and rode away.

A SHARP MANDARIN.

A governor of a Chinese province was taken very ill, and refused to admit any visitors into his house. This being told to a mandarin of his acquaintance, the latter was very much concerned, and after many importunities, obtained an interview with him. On his entrance, he was surprised to find no signs of sickness in his friend, and asked what was the matter with him. The governor at length told him that he had lost the emperor's seal out of the cabinet where it used to be kept, and that as the lock remained uninjured, he was sensible that the seal was stolen. Of course he could transact no business, and must soon be deprived of his government, and probably of his life. The mandarin inquired if he had any enemy in the city. The other answered, Yes; and that that enemy was an officer of rank, whom he had offended, and who was disposed to do him an injury. "Away, then," replied the mandarin; "let all your valuable goods be secretly removed this evening; then set fire to the empty premises, and call out for help, to which this officer must of necessity repair with the rest, it being one of the principal duties of his place. As soon as you see him among the people, deliver him, in the public presence, the cabinet, shut as it is, that it may be secured in his possession. If he is the thief, he will put the seal in its place; otherwise the fault will lie upon him for having taken so little care of it." The governor followed his advice, and the next day received back his cabinet with the seal in it, both parties keeping the secret for their mutual safety.

☞ A celebrated geologist, member of the Academy of Sciences, was lately travelling in the south of France. On his return from a long pedestrian excursion, he could get nothing at the miserable inn where he lodged (it was the best hotel in the village) but a meagre omelet, and over-dosed with garlic, at that. "Great heavens, madam," said he to the hostess, "why did you put so much garlic in this omelet?" "Good me, sir, the eggs were so bad!"

☞ It is amusing to hear a hardened politician, whose political conscience is so tough that you can make no impression whatever upon it with the sharpest axe of wit that can be found, sigh with pious horror over the want of principle in those who oppose his political creed.

☞ In the city of New York alone there are twenty thousand girls who get their living by the manufacture of hoop skirts; and in case the fashion leaders should discard the use of crinoline, they would vote to a girl against the change.

LATEST NEWS.

The Army of the Potomac is again in motion, according to credible reports. Troops were actively loading at Alexandria, and a considerable force was to be embarked. The Baltimore and Ohio Road has been seized by the Government for the exclusive use of the military. Richmond, it is said, in this connection, is almost defenceless.

At the time of the late battle between Rosecrans and Bragg, General Burnside was a long distance east of Knoxville, and could not have reinforced Rosecrans even if he had known that a battle was going on. It appears that he had no information of the battle till long after it was over. General Hartsuff is in command at Knoxville. Burnside is safe in his present position, and can, by concentrating his forces at Cumberland Gap, repel any attack.

Sherman's corps is reported to have joined Rosecrans, and it is said that McPherson's corps is on the way thither.

A rumor prevails in Washington that Burnside will be succeeded by Gen. Hooker.

A formidable expedition is said to be about to start for Mobile. The Mississippi iron-clads will act in conjunction with the Gulf fleet in this affair.

Gen. Grant has recovered from the effects of his late accident, and has gone to Vicksburg with Adjutant-General Thomas.

Gen. Herron has succeeded in clearing the guerillas out of the country between Red river and Port Hudson. The rebel General Green has been driven west of the Atchafalaya river, with great loss. Gen. Herron is reported to be very sick, and will be taken to New Orleans.

Recently a party of Mosby's men made a descent on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, near Fairfax, and fired Pope's bridge after cutting the telegraph wires. The damage was soon repaired and the cars resumed their trips.

We have inspiring news of the war in Arkansas. Col. Cloud, with one hundred of the 2nd Kansas cavalry, has arrived at Little Rock. Between Perryville and Fort Smith he, with 500 cavalry and Robb's battery, attacked 2,000 rebels in a fortified place, and completely routed them, driving them towards Arkadelphia. A large number of mounted Unionists have joined our army. The first train on the Memphis and Little Rock railroad was run on the 21st inst.

The steamer Cahawba has arrived at New York from New Orleans. The men engaged in the recent Sabine Pass affair have been disembarked and will form part of an overland expedition to Texas.

A steamer arrived at New York from Alexandria, reports that when she passed Matthias Point, on the Potomac, on Thursday evening, the buildings there were all on fire, and that several transports and gunboats were anchored in the river not far off.

☞ When the Masons in their gay regalias were en route for Greenfield the other day, an inquisitive countryman at one of the stations, after eyeing the Knight Templars for a few moments, inquired with much concern, "whether all them brigadier generals were going home on furlough?"

☞ TEMPTATION.—A studious man may be as secure from interruption or temptation within the precincts of a city as in a hut on the top of an isolated mountain.

☞ An officer who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimmed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, sur," promptly responded Pat, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer. "*Twinty-eight inches!*" was the rejoinder.

☞ Periodicals are the dead leaves that fertilize the soil of literature.

☞ The soda springs in Colorado Territory are a great natural curiosity. The water gushes out of the solid rock, boiling up ten or twelve inches. The soda water is equal to the best manufactured article, and with a little syrup and tartaric acid makes a refreshing drink. It is strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas. A bottle of it, corked and slightly shook, will pop the cork with some force. There are three soda springs, of different degrees of strength, and two sulphur springs. The largest is about four feet in diameter, and four feet deep.

☞ In an old paper printed in New London nearly a century ago, we find the following on matrimony:

Oh, matrimony! thou art like
To Jeremiah's figs,
The good were very good; the bad
Too sour to give the pigs.

☞ It is amusing to hear a man who made his first ten thousand by a mere accident in speculation, now whine over the want of "business tact" in the young men of the present day.

☞ The following appeared on the letter of a soldier addressed to a young lady:—

"Soldier's letter, and na'ra red;
Lots of 'hard tack' in place of bread.
Mister Postmaster, please shove this through—
I've na'ra stamp, but seven months due."

☞ The London Athenæum says Patti is playing and singing her way through Germany along paths strewn with gold.

☞ SAD ACCIDENT.—An amateur balloonist went up from Nottingham, in England, in a small balloon, and, failing to manage it, it collapsed when at a great height, came down an unshapely mass with intense velocity, and the poor æronaut was found dead and battered almost to a jelly in the car.

☞ To renovate an old hat, take it to an evening party, and leave early.

☞ Some one hundred and fifty brokers in Wall Street, who two years ago were worth nothing, or less than nothing, are now worth each from $250,000 to $2,500,000, all from the expansion of the currency and the movements of stocks. In two years more they may be worth nothing again.

THE SIBYL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Twas in a castle grim and old,
A castle by the restless sea,
Where lived a Baron stern and cold—
Proud of his birth and high degree.

Within his stately home there grew
One lovely flower, a daughter fair;
Her eye was as the violet blue,
And like the sunlight, gleamed her hair.

A youth she loved of humble birth:
Her father mocked his suit with scorn.
He asked not had he merit, worth,
Enough that he was lowly born.

But stealthily they met, and gave,
As fondly they clasped hand in hand,
Their promise by the glist'ning wave,
That dashed beside them on the strand.

Then for a long and weary year
They parted, and the words "good bye!"
With many a sad and bitter tear,
Dimm'd the soft sunlight of her eye.

But years sped on till three were told;
The roses on her cheek grew pale;
While in that castle grim and old
She waited for his coming sail.

Still, with a woman's trusting faith,
She leaned upon his promise given;
Though withering doubts came like a wraith,
Cold gliding 'tween her soul and heaven.

Weary, she said, "To Maggy Lee
I'll go, and have her read my hand—
Some tidings she will give to me
From my love in a distant land."

Storm clouds had gathered o'er the sky—
The sea spoke with a sullen roar—
The waves leaped in their fury high,
And wildly dashed against the shore.

Yet fearlessly through storm and night
She wandered, till on the dark wave
She saw gleam out a ruddy light
From torch within the witch's cave.

Her long hair wet with mist and spray,
Loose, falling from the hood she wore;
Like beauteous fairy, nymph, or fay,
She stood in front the sibyl's door.

"What brings you, lady, here to-night,
'Mid gloom, and storm, to seek my art?
But, ah! upon your cheek so white,
I read you bring a breaking heart.

"But welcome to my storm-beat cave—
I'll tell you, lady, if you are
One who must life's rough battle brave,
Or born beneath a lucky star.

"For as the prisoner in his cell,
With sight schooled in the darksome tomb,
Learns with a keener eye to tell
What lies beyond him in the gloom;

"So I, by sorrow taught, can look
Beyond the ken of other eyes;
Can peer within fate's mystic book,
And read what in the future lies.

"Place now your dainty hand in mine,
Withered with holding on to life,
Ah! there's a cross, and here's a line—
It is with sorrow sadly rife."

Then shuffling with mysterious air
The worn cards in her wrinkled hand,
Said, "Here I see, my lady fair,
Your lover in a distant land.

"And one is standing by his side—
Ah, lady, he's forgotten thee!
For 'tis a fair and beauteous bride
He's wedded o'er the dark blue sea!

"Our dearest hopes first fade away;
Life's roses wither in our hand.
Man bides his promise but a day:
His vows are written on the sand.

"Maiden! I learned this bitter truth
When life was in its summer day.
It cast a mildew o'er my youth,
And turned my raven locks to gray.

"Now hidden from the world's cold eye,
Unheard by mortal ear their knell,
The hopes that turned to ashes lie
Low buried in my heart's deep cell!"

The lady spoke not—a low moan
Told the sad anguish of her breast:
Her cheek grew whiter than the foam
That's cradled on the billow's crest.

"His bride!" her ear had caught the sound,
She scorned the heart that false could be,
But in love's fetters still was bound,
And perished, struggling to be free.

Lafayette, Ind. R. G. B.

THE DANISH DRESSMAKER.

Those downhill years of the eighteenth century which came midway between the close of the Seven Years' War and the outbreak of the French Revolution, were years of quiet prosperity to the greater part of Germany. But quietly prosperous years, like men in similar circumstances, are apt to be uninteresting, and so it was with the period in question. It has left historians little to prose on or dispute about; it gave the courts little to intrigue for, the diplomatists nothing to protocol and shuffle over, except the partition of Poland, which was done quietly enough for such a bad business. It was the still growing-time of that fearful harvest which the last of the generation were to see reaped in overturned thrones and bloody battle-fields, before they went down to their graves, but nobody dreamed of what was ripening or brewing far under the feet of the powdered and periwigged, hooped and brocaded society which learned all its magnificence from the court of Versailles, and all its wit from the philosophers of Paris.

The times were quiet if not good, and particularly so in the kingdom and court of Prussia, where Frederick the Great was resting from his labors in Sans-Souci, keeping many old friends and no guards about him, and showing himself to Berlin only on the few high festivals his majesty chose to patronise. Frederick's old friends were getting fewer as years went on, and one gray head after another disappeared from banquet-board and grand review. His friendship and quarrel with Voltaire were long over, for the sage of Ferney slept among the monks of Sellices. The royal poems had been published, and well received, of course. The royal flute had been laid by for want of wind to play it; for time tells in that vulgar manner on kings as well as other mortals. He had asked the philosophers more questions than they could answer, and got tired of that and ploughing; amusements were growing scarce, so were news and gossip; and thus it happened that the Great Frederick became curious concerning a small but inexplicable matter which for some time occupied and puzzled all the rank and fashion of Berlin.

Strange to say, the subject was nothing more distinguished than a dressmaker—not a *modiste de Paris*, nor even a court-milliner from Vienna, but a certain Madame Haroldson from Copenhagen, whose work was notoriously bad, and whose charges were known to be exorbitant, yet who contrived to carry on a brisk and profitable business through the interest taken in her and her affairs by the noble family of Richendorff. Their House was reckoned among the richest of the Prussian nobility; it was also known to be one of the proudest. Good-nature, or mildness of temper, had never been counted among the family characteristics. They were almost the only subjects with whom the old king, Frederick William, of absolute and exacting memory, did not care to meddle; no tall peasant had been crimped off their estates for his giant regiments; none of them had been obliged to build a house on the marshy banks of the Spree, or buy wild-boars from his majesty after his great and profitable hunts. Yet they had stood well in royal favor under the old and new regimes; and some twenty years before the period of our story, the Baron von Richendorff, then representative and head man of his House, had the honor of escorting the Princess Louisa, Ulrica, Frederick the Great's sister, to Copenhagen, and seeing her crowned queen-consort of Denmark. Louisa Ulrica was a royal belle in her day, and clever enough to hold her own in any court in Europe. She did it with considerable energy and success in the Danish palaces, being endowed with her father's sturdy temper, and her mother's talent for falling sick on all trying occasions. She had her father's strong stiff likings, too, and the Richendorff family had the good-fortune to get hold of them. The baron remained in Denmark, master of the queen's private household; his baroness was mistress of the robes, his two daughters her favorite maids of honor, and his only son her majesty's chief-equerry. So they lived and flourished, got places and pensions, envy, hatred, and adulation from all the Danish court, and worship and solicitations from all German comers for ten years and more. The daughters got splendidly married to Prussian noblemen, whom Queen Louisa sent for to Berlin, no Danes being good enough for her maids of honor. The son was permitted to marry a Danish heiress of uncommon wealth and quarterings and the House of Richendorff seemed likely to overshadow all the north with its grandeur, when suddenly there came a mighty break-up in Queen Louisa's household. The best informed of the backstairs people could not say how it happened, but the baron gave up his mastership, the baroness resigned the robes, the two ladies of honor retired from the position their weddings had not affected, the chief-equerry laid down his honors and emoluments, and the Richendorffs, with all their following and most of their gatherings, returned to their town-house in Berlin, and their castle in East Prussia.

The high and mighty family came back without a stain on their escutcheon; on the contrary, with added titles and honors, with additions to their more substantial possessions too, and everybody agreed they could take care of both, at home or abroad; none had ever accused them of over-liberality or condescension. Why they had left Denmark was accounted for by the Prussian's love of his native country, the wish of young and old to enjoy their riches, and close their days in the focus of civilization presided over by the Great Frederick. That explanation had satisfied the king, and was expected to satisfy the public; at anyrate, they got no other, and court-affairs were not to be inquired after in those times. But in the land they left there was a whisper—confined, of course, to the highest circles and their hangers-on—regarding a young Swedish countess, of Scotch descent, for her father was Count von Sinclair. He had come as ambassador-extraordinary, to settle one of those ever-recurring disputes about boundaries, which have kept the northern kingdoms from falling fast asleep since the Reformation-time, their last waking up. His daughter had accompanied him, to see the Danish court and its German fashions, perhaps to get well married, for the family, though noble, were not rich. Her education had been finished in Paris; her beauty was acknowledged even by the ladies; and the young Countess von Sinclair took particularly the fancy of Queen Louisa Ulrica, got into extraordinary favor, and, whether on that account or on her own merits, was believed to be specially admired by her majesty's chief equerry. Such was the state of matters when the court removed bag and baggage from Copenhagen to the old palace of Ringstadt, where it pleased Queen Louisa to hold high festival that Christmas time. Her royal consort did not always concur in her arrangements, indeed was not always consulted; but on this occasion harmony prevailed between the pair. King, queen, and all who were counted anybody in Denmark, all the foreigners of distinction, all the *corps diplomatique*, swarmed in and about the old palace, till there was not an attic room or a neighboring cot unoccupied by some noble guest; and the only spare space was said to be the central court, darkened by the old walls and towers that rose round it, and containing nothing but a deep draw-well, long unused, because out of the way; the modern additions and improvements of the palace having left no access to the court but one steep narrow stair, on which a small door opened at the end of the great gallery; and also because the water was so impregnated with iron from some deep-lying mine, that all linen washed in it was injured beyond remedy; and the court physicians found out it would produce old looks and wrinkles even in royal faces.

Well, the palace was filled, and the festivities went on, with a great acting of plays, a lengthy doing of dances, and a mighty consumption of all the good things of the north. There was nobody that played, danced, or flirted like the Countess von Sinclair; there was nobody that followed and flattered the young beauty like the queen's chief-equerry. Some people thought the Danish heiress saw more than she was expected to do, and was taking her measures; some people thought the ambassador-extraordinary would have preferred a more eligible admirer for his daughter. There was not exactly scandal, but a good deal of remark among the elder ladies and other guardians of propriety, when all at once the court was astonished and the festivities interrupted by the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the young countess on the last day of the year, new style.* She had danced at a grand ball the preceding evening, looking as gay, as beautiful, and as elegantly dressed as usual; the equerry had been as attentive; the heiress had seemed no more observant; the censors had not found any additional cause of disapprobation; but in the morning her French maid reported that mademoiselle was not in her chamber, had not slept in her bed, had not put off her ball-dress or jewels, and was nowhere to be found. The entire palace and the surrounding country were searched, but no further intelligence was ever obtained of the missing countess. Her father offered rewards; Queen Louisa fell sick, and broke up the festival; the chief-equerry galloped about, inquiring after her in every direction; the young Danish nobles vied with each other in following his example; but no servant within, no peasant without the palace, no traveller on the highways could give the slightest account of her. The countess had been seen or heard of by noboby from the hour in which she finished the last minuet at the ball, just before the company broke up. It was not with the equerry, but the Russian ambassador, Count Crimanoff, she had danced; he had conducted her to a *tabouret* near the queen, crossed the room to speak to his own countess, and saw the young lady no more.

There the tale ended, except that sundry surmises, not of the best-natured kind, were indulged in by the court ladies. That the Countess von Sinclair had eloped with somebody not at all to her father's mind, and would turn up some day, was their general expectation. But up she did not turn. Queen Louisa declared her determination never to recover from the shock. As she knew not who to blame, her majesty made great efforts to fix the charge of her favorite's disappearance, first on the French maid, and then on the Russian ambassador; but in both cases, it was impossible, the alibi was so clear. No one thought of including the Richendorffs; they were entirely out of the scrape; had not been near the young lady; had no imaginable motive for getting her out of the way; were known to be the most active and indefatigable in the search; and when it was fairly over, remained in their places about Queen Louisa for more than a twelvemonth, when a natural and laudable desire to return to native Prussia made them all at once resign, to the great displeasure of the queen, and the delight of the whole court. It was thought that Louisa Ulrica would have taken satisfaction by endeavoring to prejudice her brother against the deserters; but his sisters were not always successful in such endeavors with the Great Frederick; moreover, there was a family quarrel then in hand, concerning certain diamond pins and buckles belonging to the late queen-mother; so the Richendorffs were welcomed back, as patriots and prosperous people might expect to be. Had they not given up distinguished positions and brilliant prospects in a foreign country for the love of Fatherland and the paternal rule of its enlightened monarch? The old baron was invested with the order of the Black Eagle; the young baron was made a colonel of hussars; the baronesses, senior and junior, were included in Princess Amelia's receptions; all the Richendorffs resumed their places in German high-life, opened the balls in Berlin, led the boar-hunts in East Prussia, entertained select company, and were struggled for by the trades-people.

There was one among that numerous order who got her patronage apparently without strife or endeavor, and that was Madame Haroldson. She had arrived from Copenhagen exactly one month after the Richendorffs, took a German assistant, advertised for apprentices, and opened a dressmaking establishment in Charlotte Stross, the allotted habitat of milliners, hairdressers, and all who dealt in finery at the time. Copenhagen was not the quarter to which Berlin looked for its new fashions, and as Madame's show-room displayed no special attraction, the chances seemed considerably against her; but scarcely had her advertising card been left at the town-house of the Richendorffs, when they hastened to patronise her, and gave nobody in their extensive circle rest or peace till they did the same. Their kindness to the Danish dressmaker was alike beyond praise and precedent. Dependents were commanded, friends requested, and acquaintances coaxed, to get their dresses made at her establishment; and between commands, requests, and coaxing, Madame soon got a very respectable business. All Berlin naturally inquired after the cause of such unbounded interest. It was not owing to Madame's superior skill; the ladies knew that her cut was clumsy, and her stitches apt to give way; that costly silks and laces were extensively cabbaged, and gimps and fringes ill matched. It was certainly not owing to Madame Haroldson's personal attractions. She was a tall, spare woman, who might have been handsome in her youth; but that was some time ago, and the face had grown, as female faces are apt to grow in the course of northern winters, hard and heavy. She had a low, husky voice, and a quietly determined manner, which the strongest minded of her fair customers failed to move, or make more complaisant. She spoke German badly, and with a Danish accent, and gave people to understand, in a general indefinite way, that her sojourn on German ground was to be reckoned among the misfortunes of her life. Finding no account of the matter there, the Berliners began to inquire into her history, but with an equally small result. All that could be gathered was, that she had been a work-woman in the establishment of Madame Fleury, the only Parisian modiste Copenhagen could boast; had been for many years a widow, with an only son, who worked for a fashionable tailor till consumption carried him off, some six months before the Richendorffs left Denmark, when, to the surprise of everybody, Madame Haroldson commenced dressmaking on her own account, was employed by the flourishing family, and subsequently followed them to Berlin. In its despair of solving the problem, the fashionable world of Prussia at length hit on the conjecture, that Madame Haroldson must have been related to the Richendorffs either by blood or marriage. She was a Dane; they had been long in Denmark, and a noble House could not acknowledge a mere dressmaker in any other manner than the one they adopted.

On that conjecture the fashionable world rested for some years. Madame went on making dresses of clumsy cut and bad stitching, grumbled against by her small customers, scolded at by her great ones, but, nevertheless, getting well employed and better paid, through the exertions of her noble patrons. They were increasing in number, if not in influence. The old baron and baroness were deep in the vale of years, and rarely seen out of their private apartments; but their grandchildren had grown up on all sides, and as the daughters of their illustrious House were three to one of the sons, Madame's business bade fair to flourish in proportion. But revolutions come even to dressmakers, and it unluckily happened about this time that a remarkable one took place. The long, peaked, tight corset gave way to the short loose sac and pinner, the many-colored hood and head-tower made room for the beaver-hat and cap of Flanders lace. It was one of those sudden and complete changes of fashion which ladies rejoice in, and husbands sincerely deplore. All the *ton* of Berlin sallied forth to secure the new weapons of war against mankind; every shop, every warehouse, every magazine, was besieged; green tea rose in consequence of the demand for it to keep work-girls up to the mark of stitching night and day, and chief milliners were believed to be making their fortunes. But alas for Madame Haroldson! she could not, or at least she did not get the new cut; never having mastered the old one, she stuck fast to her limited acquaintance with it, now that all was changed, and her sacs and pinners were pronounced unwearable by everybody above tailors' wives. Her noble patrons exerted themselves as formerly, but in vain; ladies would not have their new fashion spoiled. Moreover, all Berlin had got tired of them—and even the younger daughters of the House of Richendorff were known to be in open rebellion against the Danish dressmaker. Once more society inquired what was the secret of her rule and reign over that family? Why did all the high-born baronesses above twenty get their sacs and pinners ruined in her establishment, when they might get them well made in half-a-dozen houses with patterns fresh from Paris?—The subject having slept so long, had all the charm of novelty; ladies discussed it in private, together with the new fashions, and how ill they became their acquaintances.—Ladies' maids whispered about it in all their meeting-places; sewing-girls kept themselves awake in all the work-rooms with it, excepting in Madame's own, from which, however, a curious circumstance at length transpired to increase the general wonder. A forewoman, long in Madame Haroldson's service, happened to quarrel with and get dismissed by her mistress, and she lost no time in making known to the public that Madame's influence over the Richendorffs consisted of nothing less than magic, for when the ladies of the family proved unmanageable, or found too many faults, she had seen the Danish dressmaker pull out a piece of shining stuff from a little box always carried about her, flourish it in their faces, and say something in Danish, which nobody else could understand; and the forewoman solemnly declared that simple process always brought the ladies to their senses.

All Berlin agreed with her that it must be magic. In spite of the philosophers and the enlightenment, witchcraft was coming again from its old quarters in the North.—Madame Haroldson got a renewal of custom from timid families who stood in dread of her occult powers; confidential maids gave their mistresses advice concerning her; above all things it was not safe to get a *trousseau* without part of her work in it, and the dressmaker having found out her own importance, began to take on airs, when the tale came to the ears of King Frederick. Curious and inquisitive from his youth, the friend and enemy of Voltaire was given to consider and sift gossip. There were grains of golden information to be got out of that flying chaff; they had served him often in camp and court, by throwing light on his neighbors' proceedings, or directing his own countermine; and now, in his old, unoccupied days, it occurred to his Prussian majesty that the story of Madame Haroldson and the Richendorffs, shining stuff and all, might be worth investigating, and he went to work with accustomed silence and celerity.

The Danish dressmaker was thrown into a state of great excitement and expectation, one evening at the approach of Christmas-time, by a message from the royal *schloss*, where she was to attend immediately, and receive the commands of Princess Amelia. The health of the poor princess had not admitted of her illustrating the fashions largely for years; but what of that? a sac or pinner sent home to the schloss would raise Madame above all her enemies; and she hastened to wait on the one sister of the Great Frederick who had remained in single blessedness. In the ante-room of the schloss, however, Madame found an officer with a serious face and a warrant to arrest her. She was directly conducted to a carriage, driven with all speed to Kustrin, escorted down stairs and through passages to a large empty room with grated windows, where two elderly ladies—one in the dress of an ordinary beguine, the other in that of a canoness, and both with stern, grave faces—locked the door, and informed Madame they were commanded to search her person. They did so, and found the famous little box, secured, they say, in a concealed pocket set in her seventh petticoat. It contained nothing but a small ragged piece of Parisian stuff, in fashion some twenty years before, and called *soie d'argent*, from the silvery threads mingled with the silk of which it was composed. The canoness directly commenced a strict examination as to why she kept that piece of stuff about her, and how it had come into her possession; and the dressmaker's airs and importance being all departed by this time, she threw herself on her knees, solemnly declaring that the stuff was kept for no magical purpose, nor had been obtained in any wicked way, but once formed a part of the hanging sleeve which she, as a workwoman in the establishment of Madame Fleury, had helped to make for the ball-dress of the young Countess von Sinclair, the last she ever wore, and disappeared in at the old palace of Ringstadt. It had been torn off, as the reverend and high-born canoness would perceive, and her son had found it in the pocket of the young Baron Richendorff's dress-coat, which he got to put new buttons on while working for the fashionable tailor in Copenhagen.—He had dutifully brought it home to his mother; the search for the countess was over by that time; and after her dear boy's death, she thought it no harm to help a poor lone widow's living by letting the noble family know it was in her fingers, and keeping it well out of theirs. That was all Madame Haroldson could tell. The canoness took possession of the stuff, and informed her she should come to no harm if her tale proved true, but must remain in Kustrin, without seeing anybody but her her jailor, for some time.

On the following day, the young baron of Richendorff, as he was still called, received an early summons to attend also at the schloss; the Princess Amelia had business with him too; and as he went up the grand staircase wondering what it could be, a couple of officers arrested him, conducted him to a carriage waiting at the back entrance, drove him off to Kustrin, and lodged him in the very apartment Frederick himself had occupied when his father thought proper to send him there for contemplated desertion, and poor Katt was executed in the court outside. In that chamber of memories the young baron passed the night without fire or candle, and in the morning was waited on by the chaplain of the fortress, a gray-headed, iron-faced old man, far more of a soldier than a parson, whose code of morals and religion was to obey orders and pray for the king. He solemnly interrogated him on Madame Haroldson's piece of torn stuff, how it came off the sleeve of the lost countess, and got into his dress-coat pocket; and the baron, having no other alternative, at once confessed the secret of the dressmaker's power over him and his family. He said that his attentions to the young countess had been more serious and more reciprocated than any one about the Danish court imagined. He had fallen in love with the young lady, and she with him; and he, married man as he was, had often urged her to elope with him to Germany, but could never get her to consent. On the night of the ball at Ringstadt, he had become jealous of the Russian ambassador, watched for and beckoned her out at the end of the last dance, to talk in the great gallery. They were both heated, and hoping to be more out of sight and hearing, opened the little door, and went on the stair leading to the deserted court-yard. There he pressed his suit, till the countess, half angry and half playful, attempted to flee from him down the stair. He caught her by the sleeve, but part of the slight stuff gave way in his grasp, and missing her footing at the same moment, she was precipitated down the steep stone stair, and into the deep draw-well which lay immediately below. He heard the ice upon it crashing as she fell, and hurried down: a great hole in the ice was there, and a heaving of the waters below, but no sight or sound of the lady. The well was more than a hundred feet deep; he knew she could not be saved, and if he gave the alarm, he might have been suspected of her murder. There was therefore nothing for it but to save himself, which even lovers can do in such cases, by keeping a strict silence, and joining in the search. But in his haste, the torn piece of stuff had been thrust into the baron's pocket, had been forgotten, and found there by Madame Haroldson's son; and the fear which kept the baron from giving the alarm, had enabled her to use it with his family to some purpose for more than twenty years.

Whether he told the whole truth or not, could never be ascertained; but a private communication which the Prussian ambassador made to Queen Louisa Ulrica, led to the examination of the deep draw-well. At its bottom there was found the skeleton of a woman, still wearing a gold necklace and bracelets, with a cipher of Von Sinclair upon them. It was laid quietly in a vault under Ringstadt Church, and nothing more said about it. King Frederick and his sister thought it unnecessary to publish the misfortune of a noble family, when no actual crime could be proved. The baron was liberated soon after, with a command to occupy himself in future with the management of his paternal estates in East Prussia, which, it is needless to say, he obeyed to the letter. Madame Haroldson was also released, with an order to quit Berlin, and go anywhere she pleased except to Copenhagen. It is said her final settlement was in Hamburg, where she gave up dressmaking, and devoted her leisure time and hoarded gatherings to the purchase of lottery-tickets, every one of which turned out blanks. Tradition also asserts that the ladies of the Richendorff family signalized their freedom from her thrall by getting new sacs direct from Paris, and were ever after famous for wearing the first French fashions. Some of them who lived to be grandmothers, and see more French fashions in Berlin than were wanted after the battle of Jena, were heard, when close upon their last toilets, to bless the memory of King Frederick for having delivered them from the Danish Dressmaker.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM,

To Accompany an Urn.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

It was a flower in fancy bred,
I thought to plant it living here;
Alas! the shadowy something fled
That gave it life, 'tis cold and dead,
This page shall be its bier.

So flies the soul of every thought,
Ere it can be in words expressed;
Dull, frigid words cannot contain
That which is fire within the brain,
Or passion in the breast.

Yet if in kindly sympathy
You stop to gaze upon this urn,
May you in kindred fancy see
The warm desire that kindled me
Through all its ashes burn.

☞ A malicious wag says that if a lawyer is in danger of starving in a small village, he invites another, and both thrive.

DECREASE OF MARRIAGES IN NEW ENG[illegible]ND.—For the last eight or ten years, with [illegible] or two exceptions, there has been, says [illegible] State Registration Report for 1861, a [illegible]dy annual decrease in marriages in Mas[illegible]usetts. That this anomaly is broader [illegible] that state is apparent from the regis[illegible]on in other parts of New England. In [illegible]necticut, the numbers for the last six [illegible] have never been so large as in 1855 [illegible] 1856. In the former year there were [illegible]6 marriages, and in 1862 only 3,701—a [illegible] considerable diminution, if we take [illegible]alculation the increase of population. [illegible]ode Island the same fact is exhibited, [illegible] less pointedly. Nor is it peculiar to [illegible]ortion of our state. The average [illegible] for the last four years, in all the [illegible], with very slight exception, is less [illegible] number for 1857. In those coun[illegible] there were large cities, the dimi[illegible] been greatest. Still further, in [illegible] Boston, where the registration is [illegible]ted to be well nigh perfect, so [illegible]ers are concerned, the diminu[illegible]pecially noticeable. In Boston, in [illegible] were 3,128, and they have gone [illegible] 2,094 in 1861, a steady decrease [illegible]ear except 1859 and 1860.

[illegible] HARVEST.—Never has Philadelphia [illegible]s full of strangers as it is now. This [illegible]eem a broad assertion, but it is easily [illegible]n. The hotels are running over. They [illegible]een so for a long time past. Every [illegible]g-house in the city of known reputa[illegible] filled. The smaller hotels, that have [illegible]canty business hitherto, are running [illegible] with guests. If anybody wishes to [illegible] how many vacant houses there are in [illegible]delphia at this moment, let him try to [illegible]one. Under the rent of four hundred [illegible]s there are not ten habitable houses in Philadelphia at this moment. Look at [illegible]advertising columns of the newspapers [illegible]m day to day, and scarce a house is of[illegible]red for rent. If such a thing does occur, there are a dozen people after it before the owner is out of his bed. The like of this was never seen before. The hotels and boarding-houses teem with people, who spend their entire leisure time in "house-hunting," and without avail.—*North American.*

A BRISK OLD LADY.—Mrs. Betsey P. Eastman, of Salisbury, New Hampshire, is in the one hundred and second year of her age, and is reported to be the oldest person living in the state. A correspondent tells this story of her:—"Her cheerfulness under all circumstances is constant and remarkable. Her son Joel, of Conway, who makes her frequent visits, on departing from home a short time since, thought it possible, considering her advanced age, that she might be taken away before he made her another visit, and shaking hands with her, remarked, 'Good-bye, mother: I don't know as I shall ever see you again.' Mrs. Eastman, with great astonishment, looked up, and exclaimed: 'Why, Joe! you don't think you are going to die, do you? *My* health is remarkably good now-a-days.'"

IMPORTANT DECISION.—It has just been decided in the Supreme Court at Boston, that a railway corporation having sold a person a ticket, is liable in damages for any injury he may suffer by the carelessness of the corporation or its agents, as well while he is going to the train, as after he gets into the car. The court also ruled that it is carelessness on the part of the corporation to run a train at full speed over the track between the depot and another train standing on the outer track, waiting for passengers to [illegible]et on board. Under these instructions, the [illegible]ury gave a verdict of $5,750 against the [illegible]itchburg Railroad Company in favor of the [illegible]aintiff for injuries sustained by him.

[illegible]SOLDIER'S RIGHT TO VOTE.—In the Di[illegible] of Election Laws, with which we be[illegible] each Pennsylvania Election Board is [illegible]shed, on pages 155–6, section 29, is the [illegible]wing:

"[illegible]o body of troops in the army of the [illegible]d States, or of this Commonwealth, [illegible] be present either armed or unarmed, [illegible]g the time of such election: *Provided*, [illegible] nothing herein contained shall be so [illegible]trued as to prevent any officer or soldier [illegible] exercising the right of suffrage in the [illegible]ion district to which he may belong, if [illegible]rwise qualified according to law."

[illegible] The nobles of Aragon, in selecting a [illegible] for their monarch, addressed him thus: [illegible] who are as much as you, and are worth [illegible] than you, we choose you for our lord [illegible] condition that you respect our laws; [illegible] not."

[illegible] "You say, Mr. Jay, that you saw the [illegible]ntiff leave the house. Was it in haste?" [illegible]es, sir." "Do you know what caused [illegible]e haste?" "I'm not sartin, but I think it [illegible]as the boot of Mr. Stubbs, the gentleman [illegible]e boards with." "That will do, Mr. Jay. Clerk, call the next witness."

☞ Mr. J. L. Flanigan, of Sarnia, C. W., [illegible]s a female baby as is a baby, which, [illegible]ough not quite five months old, weighs [illegible] over forty pounds. Its dimensions are:—[illegible]ength, 2 feet 8 inches; round the waist, 25 [illegible]ches; round the thigh, 16 inches; round [illegible]e ankle, 7 inches; round the arm, 9½ [illegible]nches. The parents are but ordinary-sized [illegible]eople.

☞ HOW WE WEAR OUR SKIRTS.—A [illegible] miss was looking at some Balmorals [illegible] goods store the other day, when [illegible]e excessive ladies' men in attendance [illegible] "Be-u-ti-ful piece of goods, mum!" [illegible]plied the lady, "but too narrow, I [illegible]." "[illegible]ah, no," was the response, "*we* [illegible] three breadths in our skirts [illegible]

[illegible] capital bill of fare they get up for [illegible]ralian steamers. When the steamer [illegible]ritain last left Australia for Liverpool, [illegible] had on board, for the use of her [illegible]ers, two live bullocks, weighing 10 [illegible]h, two milch cows, 90 dozen fowls, [illegible]n geese, turkeys, &c., 5,000 dozen [illegible] pigs, and enough vegetables to stock [illegible]t.

[illegible] If you wish to offer your hand to a [illegible] chose your opportunity. The best [illegible]o do it is when she is getting out of an [illegible]ous.

☞ Boston has endured many hard rubs, but an anecdote of a little three-year-old, about leaving her home on a visit to that metropolis, is a little ahead of anything yet. At the close of her prayers the night before her departure, she added, with the utmost simplicity, "Now, good-bye, Mr. God. I'm going to Boston in the morning to be gone two weeks."

☞ A TALL SOLDIER.—Capt. David Van Buskirk, of an Indiana regiment, is the tallest man in the army of the Potomac, being 6 feet 11 inches in height, and weighing 250 pounds. He astonished the rebels when they carried him prisoner to Richmond.

☞ Sir Wm. Armstrong is alarming the English people by the statement that there is only coal enough in their mines to last 212 years. He thinks it is time to be economical in the use of it.

☞ An American traveller in Russia writes that—"Education is advancing along with social improvement. More than eight thousand schools have been opened for the peasants, and everywhere I hear of their being anxious to read, as they ought to be able to read, the laws by which they are governed. The peasant now feels he is a man, and as such, ought to cultivate his intellect."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been a better feeling in the market, and holders of Flour have put up their prices 12½@25c ℔ bbl. Sales comprise about 15,000 bbls taken in lots at $4,75@5 for superfine; $4@4,25 for sour Flour; $5,25@5,50 for extras; $5,50@5,75 for old stock extra family; $6@6,50 for fresh ground do; $7,25 for Jenny Lind do, and $8,25 ℔ bbl for excelsior fancy family. Rye Flour is very scarce, and sells in lots on arrival at $5@5,25. Corn Meal is not much inquired for, and Pennsylvania is offered at $4 ℔ bbl, without sales. Brandywine is better, 400 bbls having been sold at $4,50, and holders now ask $4,75 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off, and the market is 5@10c better, the latter for prime lots; about 40,000 bus have been taken at 130@135c for old reds, 95@125c for inferior new do, 130@143c for fair to good and choice lots, and 145@165c for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and selling at 95@100c. Corn is 5@8c better, with light receipts and sales, in all about 40,000 bus at 88@91c for western mixed, and 85@95c for yellow, closing dull, with sales of the latter at 93c afloat. Oats are also better, and about 30,000 bus new sold at 67@73c weight. Barley and Malt are quiet.

PROVISIONS—The market is firmer at $14@14½ for Mess Pork, and $12@15 ℔ bbl for Mess Beef, 1500 bbls of the former, mostly old mess, sold private. Bacon moves off as wanted at 12@13½c for plain and fancy Hams; 7½c for Sides and 6½@6¾c for Shoulders. A lot of Hams in salt brought 9½c, to arrive. Lard is better, and saleable at 10¾@11c for bbls and tierces, and 11½@12½c for kegs; about 500 pkgs sold at these figures. Grease is scarce and worth 9@9½c. Butter is firmer, with sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio at 15@20c, and New York at 23@25c, the latter for prime Goshen. Cheese is firmer, and quoted at 11@12½c, and fine at 13c ℔ ℔. Eggs are in better demand, and worth 19@20c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market has been excited; the sales have been limited at from 25@50c for pickings, and 55 to 75c for new grade and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES—Both kinds are quiet, and prices about the same.

BARK comes in slowly, and 1st No 1 Quercitron finds ready sale at $30. Tanners' Bark also sells freely at previous rates.

BEESWAX is scarce, and wanted at 42@43c ℔ ℔.

COFFEE—There is a firmer feeling in the market; the sales continue small at 29@31½c for Rio, and 27@28c for Cape, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER is firm and Yellow Metal steady; the latter sells at 27c, on time.

COAL—Prices are steady, but there is only a moderate demand for shipment and home use. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ℔ ton, $6,75@7,10; Prepared do $6,75@7,15; Red Ash do $6,87@7,25; Lehigh Lump do $7,00@7,25; Prepared do $7,25; by retail do $7,50@8; Schuylkill Prepared do $7,25@7,50.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high, prices ranging at 50@52c ℔ ℔, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT—Green fruit is plenty, Peaches selling at from 50c to $1 ℔ basket, and Apples at $2@3 ℔ bbl, as to quality. Dried fruit is quiet, and prices nominal.

HAY continues in good demand at $20@21 ℔ ton.

HEMP—The market remains inactive. Prices are steady.

HOPS remain quiet, and prices about the same, ranging at 18@24c ℔ ℔.

IRON—There is a good inquiry for Pig Metal, and Foundry Iron is scarce at $34@35, cash. Forge is firm, with sales of about 1200 tons, in lots, at $30@32, cash, the latter for gray. Scotch Pig is held at $36 ℔ ton. In manufactured Iron there is a better feeling, and more doing at fully former rates.

LEAD is firmer, but the want of stock limits operations, and we hear of no sales.

LUMBER—There is a good demand for most kinds, with free sales of White Pine Boards at $21@23. Yellow Sap do sell at $20@22, and Shingles at $18@21 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—Market firm, with sales of 400 hhds Cuba at 41@45c the latter for Sagua, and 300 bbls New Orleans at 50@52c, on time.

OILS—Petroleum is rather more inquired for, and quoted at 57@59c for refined, in bond, and 66@68c, free, now held higher. Crude is scarce, and worth 36@37c ℔ gal.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and commands $4,25@4,50 ℔ ton, which is an advance.

RICE is quiet but very firm, with small sales of East India at 7½@7¾c ℔ ℔.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Cloverseed; we quote it nominally at $5,75@6 ℔ bus. A small sale of prime new seed was made at $6,25. Timothy is plenty and dull, and offered at $2,87½@3 ℔ bus, without sales to any extent. Flaxseed comes in slowly, and sells at $2,50 ℔ bus, which is a further advance.

SPIRITS—N E Rum is selling at 66@67c. Whiskey is better, and taken more freely at 52@53½c for bbls, and 51@52c for drudge.

SUGARS—Prices are ¼c better, with sales of 1800 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 11½@12½c on time, including New Orleans at 12½@14½c, the latter for clarified.

TALLOW—Sales of Western and city rendered at 10½@11c ℔ ℔.

TOBACCO—The sales are confined to Pa Seed Leaf, which has been taken freely at 12½@20c ℔ ℔.

WOOL—The sales have been moderate within the range of 66@70c for medium and fine Fleece, and 71@73c for tub, net cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2234 head. The prices realized from 5 to 10 cents ℔ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $20 to 35 ℔ head. 7600 Sheep were sold at from 4¾ to 5½c ℔ ℔ gross. 1120 Hogs at from $6,50 to 8,00 ℔ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ A well-bred woman may easily and effectually promote the most useful and elegant conversation without speaking a word. The modes of speech are scarcely more variable than the modes of silence.

☞ The following witty couplet was uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter, Arabella, importuned him for money:

Dear Bell, to gain money,
Sure, silence is best;
For dumb bells are fittest
To open the chest.

☞ A young lady who talks eloquently about love, is, probably, incapable of feeling much of it. Deep feeling does not overflow in words. Many a young woman sincerely believes that she is capable of a never-ending attachment, when she likes only the excitement of having a lover and hearing her virtues extolled by others.

☞ A Kentucky editor advertises as follows:—"Wanted, at this office, a bull-dog, of any color, except pumpkin and milk, of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation—who can come when called with a raw beefsteak, and will take his 'pound of flesh' from the man who squirts tobacco juice on the stove, and steals our exchanges!"

☞ A certain Scotch friend of ours, who is not a member of the temperance society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica rum, dryly answered:—"To tell you the truth, sir, I canna say I'm very fond of rum; for if I tak mair than six tumblers, it's very apt to give a body the headache."

☞ Curiosity becomes a vice when it is only an itching to learn what is amiss respecting others.

ADVICE TO THE MISERABLES.

Those who are afflicted with Scrofula, Fever Sores, Skin Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Sore Head, Sore Legs, Swelling of the Glands, Venereal Sores, Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Chronic diseases, Humors of all kinds, and have spent large sums of money for medical attendance and advertised remedies, and are still uncured, we say use Dr. Radway's Cleansing Syrup, called RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One to six bottles of this extraordinary medicine is warranted to cure you. If six bottles of any remedy fail to furnish satisfactory evidence of cure, stop it; spend no more money on it. Radway's Renovating Resolvent has cured the worst cases of Chronic and Scrofulous Sores by a single bottle. Let the wise give it a trial.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st of Sept. by the Rev. Luther Albert, Mr. W. S. EARNEST, to Miss SARAH GOODBURN, both of this city.

On the 3d of Sept. by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, THOMAS A. ROBERTS, to Miss LOUISE J. daughter of Matthew Marrney, both of this city.

On the 27th of Aug. by the Rev. Jos. Castle, Mr. SAMUEL F. ROBERTS, to Miss AMANDA V. HAWKINS, daughter of J. A. Robinson, Esq. of West Philada.

On the 3d of July, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM O. LECOMPT, to Miss MARY A. CALLAHAN, both of this city.

On the 20th of Sept. by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. MARVIN W. LUTZ, of Pa. Vols., to Miss LIZZIE LOTT, of this city.

On the 1st of July, by the Rev. E. J. D. Pepper, JOHN DOWELL, to HANNAH E. MIDLEN, both of this city.

On the 7th of April, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. EZRA H. CHASE, to Miss KATE SMITH, both of this city.

On the 28th of July, by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. CHARLES L. SPANGLER, to Miss JOSEPHINE T. PHYNEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At her residence in Hamilton, Ohio, Sept. 2d, at 9 o'clock P. M., of typhoid fever, MARY LORETTO, wife of the late S. Wurmser, Esq., and only child of the late Mathew Brenan, of Charleston, S. C. (Philada. and New York papers please copy.)

On the 22d of Sept. MATILDA, wife of Chas. C. Sheldrake, aged 30 years.

On the 21st of Sept. in New York city, Col. ROBERT M. LEE, late Paymaster U. S. A., aged 58 years.

On the 21st of Sept. WILLIAM KING, in his 66th year.

On the 21st of Sept. Mrs. CATHARINE, wife of Capt. Aaron Helmes, in her 52d year.

On the 20th of Sept. ANNE G. wife of Abram Powell, aged 37 years.

On the 20th of Sept. WILLIAM H. FOSTER, aged 33 years.

On the 19th of Sept. CATHARINE PATTISON, in her 50th year.

On the 19th of Sept. WILLIAM D. HUNTER, aged 28 years.

On the 18th of Sept. THOMAS R. STEWART, in his 27th year.

On the 18th of Sept. VIRGINIA E. wife of W. D. Elliot, aged 25 years.

On the 15th of Sept., FRANCIS X. DICKSON, son of Wm. and Mary Dickson, in his 18th year.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

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This work, the production of a gifted young clergyman, has been in course of publication for several months, in one of the religious periodicals of Philadelphia, and has attracted unusual attention and admiration. It is a series of sketches and stories, the ground-work of all of which is real life.

"It possesses many of the first elements of popularity; it is original, witty, full of life and interest, in many traits profoundly truthful and touching, and calculated to encourage and forewarn the Young Pastor, as well as rebuke the troublesome classes of persons to be found in every church."

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The FOURTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION will commence the 14th October next, and continue five months. For information, address
MRS. E. H. CLEVELAND,
No. 10 Woman's Hospital, Philadelphia.
Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1863. sep26-3t

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STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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may2-1y

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.
Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.
WM. RALTSON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market.
HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Vetenary Surgeon for the United States Government.
For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
202 Broadway, New York.
DYOTT & Co.,
jy11-6m 232 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.

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GOLD! GOLD!—Full instructions in Ventriloquism and how to win the undying love of the opposite sex, sent by mail to any person for 5 cts. Address JAGGERS & HANDLEY,
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ARM & LEG
PATENT
1851

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The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at the House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents) in unequalled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs are worn (though few are suspected); and a galaxy of gold and silver medals (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
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WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

New York, November, 1862.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with	
Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
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No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with	
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[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM FOR THE POST—*see Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.
DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT—Died of Croup!—What a pretty and interesting child I saw last week! But now, alas! it is no more. Such was the conversation of two gentlemen riding down town in the cars. Died of Croup! how strange! when Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment is a certain cure, if taken in time. Now, mothers, we appeal to you. It is not for the paltry gain and profit we make, but for the sake of your infant child that now lies playing at your feet. Croup is a dangerous disease; but use Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment in time, and it is robbed of its terrors. Always keep it in the house; you may not want it to-night, or to-morrow, no telling when—but armed with this Liniment you are prepared, let it come when it will.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.
sep19-eow3t

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.
A CONSUPTIVE CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefitting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single case of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.
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500 WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—Whiskers and Mustaches—Gold and Silver—Love, Courtship, &c.—The Hunter's Secret—Angler's Secret, and a host of other Secrets, worth a fortune to any one, all sent free for 25 cts. Address J. W. STEPHENS,
aug22-9t Morristown, N. J.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT.
A PURE TONIC.
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Will effectually cure
[illegible]
Chronic or Nervous Debility, [illegible]
Liver or Stomach.
[illegible]
And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.

NO ALCOHOL OR BAD WHISKEY.
They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of [illegible] years' trial by the American public; and their reputation and sale are not rivalled by any similar preparation.

The Proprietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent
CLERGYMEN,
LAWYERS,
PHYSICIANS
AND
CITIZENS,
Testifying, of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO STRENGTHEN YOU?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT TO SLEEP WELL?
DO YOU WANT A BRISK AND VIGOROUS FEELING?
If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.
J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1861.

FROM THE REV. JOS. H. KENNARD, PASTOR OF THE TENTH BAPTIST CHURCH.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for *general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation*. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth below Coates Street, Phila.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed.

This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.

For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life, to use his own language, "has been saved by the Bitters:"

PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862.

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the Lungs, and was for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to the city on board of the steamer State of Maine, from which I landed on the 28th of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarce-ly able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians, who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch Street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months; for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.
Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.
JOHN CUDDLEBACK, First New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co. C, Eleventh Maine.
LEWIS CHEVALIER, Ninety-Second New York.
I. E. SPENCER, First Artillery, Battery F.
J. B. FASEWELL, Co. B, Third Vermont.
HENRY B. JEROME, Co. B, Third Vermont.
HENRY T. MACDONALD, Co. C, Sixth Maine.
JOHN F. WARD, Co. E, Fifth Maine.
HERMAN KOCH, Co. H, Seventy-second New York.
NATHANIEL B. THOMAS, Co. F, Ninety-fifth Penna.
ANDREW J. KIMBALL, Co. A, Third Vermont.
JOHN JENKINS, Co. B, One-hundred and Sixth Pa.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!
See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.
PRICE PER BOTTLE 75 CENTS,
OR HALF DOZEN FOR $4.
Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.,)
Proprietors.
☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.
ap18-eow17

Wit and Humor.

HOOK'S PRACTICAL JOKES.

On the occasion of the trial of Lord Melville, Hook had gone with a friend to Westminster Hall to witness the proceedings. As the peers began to enter, a simple-looking lady from the country touched his arm and said,

"I beg your pardon, sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?"

"Those, ma'am," he replied, "are the barons of England; in these cases, the junior peers always come first."

"Thank you, sir—much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear," turning to her daughter, who accompanied her, "tell Jane these are the barons of England; and the juniors—that's the youngest, you know—always go first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home."

"Dear me, ma," said Louisa, "can that gentleman be one of the *youngest?* I am sure he looks very old."

This *naiveté* held out an irresistible temptation to Theodore, who, on the old lady pointing to the bishops, who came next in order, with scarlet and lawn sleeves over their doctors' robes, and asking, "What gentlemen are those?" replied: "Gentlemen, ma'am! These are not gentlemen; these are *ladies*—elderly ladies—the dowager-peeresses in their own right."

His interrogator looked at him rather suspiciously, as if to find out whether or not he was quizzing her; but reassured by the imperturbable air of gravity with which her glance was met, turned round again to her daughter and whispered—

"Louisa, dear, the gentleman says that those are elderly ladies and dowager-peeresses in their own right. Tell Jane not to *forget that.*"

Shortly afterwards, her attention was drawn to the Speaker of the House of Commons, with his richly-embroidered robes.

"Pray, sir," she exclaimed, "who is that fine-looking person opposite?"

"That, ma'am, is Cardinal Wolsey."

"No, sir," was the angry rejoinder, "we knows a good deal better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead and buried these many years."

"No such thing, my dear madam," replied Hook, with the most extraordinary *sang froid;* "it has indeed been so reported in the country, but without the least foundation in truth; in fact, these rascally newspapers will say anything!"

The good lady looked thunder-struck, opened her eyes and mouth to their widest compass, and then unable to say another word, or remain longer on the spot, hurried off with a daughter in each hand, leaving the mischievous wag and his friend to enjoy the joke.

A SMELL OF SPIRITS.

Sandy M'Lauchlain, the betheral (beadle) at Dunfermline, was a little man, with sharp brown eyes and a mouth expressive of fun. One day the minister, Mr. Johnstone, was on his way down from the manse to the High Street, after breakfast, as was his wont, to get his letters at the post-office, and see the only newspaper which then came to enlighten the inhabitants with news of public and foreign affairs. Observing Sandy slinking along the opposite side of the Cross, as if to avoid a meeting, Mr. Johnstone called out, in his fine, sonorous voice—

"Saunders, I wish to speak to you."

With some reluctance, Sandy came forward, lifting his bonnet and pulling his forelock. After giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister sniffed once or twice, and remarked—

"Saunders, I fear you have been tasting, (taking a glass) this morning."

"'Deed, sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontery, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes—"'Deed, sir, I was just a-goin' to observe I thocht there was a smell of speerits among us this morning!"

The Result of Street Education.—Keep your children off the street. By that we mean, do not let them make acquaintance on the sidewalks. If they frequent the public schools, you must establish a sort of verbal quarantine at your own door, and examine the youthful tongue once a day, to see if it has not a secretion of slang upon it.

Mrs. Careful's little son, Manfred, came running into the paternal mansion the other day, shouting to the cook:

"Now, then, old girl, slap up that dinner."

"Why! Manfred!" began the astonished mother, "where did you learn such language? who have you been playing with?"

"Me," said the hopeful. "I generally play with Dick Turner, 'cause he's a bully boy with a glass eye. That's so."

The fond mother was about to express some astonishment at the optical misfortune of Dick, when the son continued:

"Ma, I'm going to buy a plug! Jem Smith wears one, and I'm as big as he."

"A plug!" gasped the mother.

"Yes, sir-ee, a plug. I've got the spondulicks salted down in my box, sure; it's bound to come."

The mother at this juncture ordered the youngster up stairs and sent for a man-servant to interpret the slang.

THE LAWYER AND THE IRISHMAN.

While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining at Wiscasset, a few days since, a jolly soul from the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner.

The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done.

"Let him crowd in among us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we will have some fun with him."

The Irishman took his seat at the table.

"You was born in this country, were you, my *friend?*"

"No, sir, I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir, he is dead."

"What is your occupation?"

"A horse jockey, sir."

"What was your father's occupation?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Did your father cheat any person while he was here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir."

"And what do you s'pose he is doing in heaven?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He cheated one, I believe, sir."

"Why did they not prosecute him?"

"Because, they searched the whole kingdom of heaven and couldn't find a lawyer."

AN ENGLISHMAN'S REVENGE.

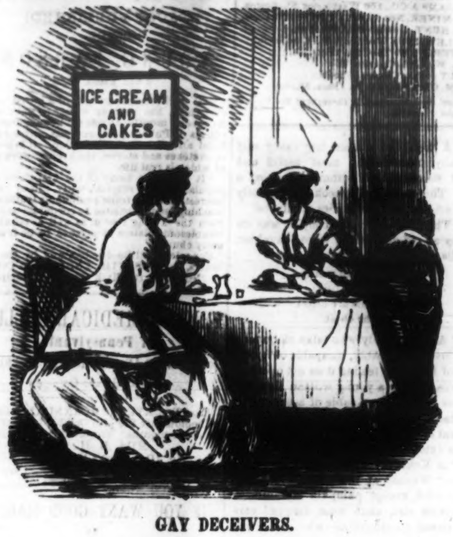
A late Parisian newspaper tells the story of a wealthy Englishman, who may constantly be seen at the grand opera and the Italian opera, and who enjoys a great reputation, not only as being a connoisseur of music, but further, as being a great amateur of painting. How the latter reputation was acquired you will presently see. He was, he is, one of those Bedouin Englishmen, who live alternately in all the European capitals, except when they are on an occasional jaunt to Egypt, or to China, or to India, or to the Holy Land. He never travelled alone; his wife was with him, his *bona fide* wife, for notwithstanding his errant life, (so apt to weaken one's morals) he had all the English respect for the sex, and a true Englishman's love for his wife. She was a beautiful woman, one of those "keepsake" beauties, that, once seen, make a man dream forever. Her social success was very great in all the cities they visited.

In Rome, after some years' marriage, they became acquainted with a German artist, of a good deal of reputation, who, to his art, joined the learning of a Benedictine, and knew the city of Rome as well as Winckelman or Visconti. The German volunteered to be their cicerone in the Eternal City; they gladly accepted his offer. Many were the hours they passed with him in the museum of the capital, in the Vatican, in St. Peter's, and in the delightful excursions they made in the environs of Rome. The artist became in love with the English lady; she reciprocated his affection. The husband was a long while in seeing the stain upon his honor; several years had passed away before he perceived it, for he was very much pleased with the artist, and they had long been on the most intimate footing. Although stung to the quick by such base faithlessness and such gross violation of the laws of hospitality and friendship, he said nothing; he disliked *scenes;* he was, nevertheless, determined upon a complete revenge, and he appealed to cooler reflections to furnish forth a suitable punishment.

The passions are bad counsellors. He left Italy and retired with his wife to England, saying nothing but *au revoir* to the artist. When he reached England, he told his wife of the painful discovery he had made, and he gave her back into her father's hands. He then returned to the continent alone, and visited Germany, Russia and France, where he purchased a great many paintings; he then went to Italy, meanwhile continuing to purchase paintings, and at last—two years had now passed away since their last meeting—he called on the German painter, who still lived in Rome, and demanded satisfaction from him. His challenge was accepted, and the Englishman, according to the European custom—much better than ours—being the offended party, selected the weapons. He chose pistols. During the past two years he had practised daily for several hours, and his known address with the pistol had become an unerring certainty of shot. He sent the shot wherever he wished it to go. The parties went on the ground—they were placed at thirty paces apart, and with the privilege of advancing ten steps before firing. The signal was then given. One! Two! Three! *Fire!* The word fire was scarcely out of the second's mouth, when the Englishman fired without moving; his antagonist's pistol fell from his hand, and was discharged by the fall, the ball burying itself in the ground. The Englishman's ball had shattered the artist's hand, and amputation was necessary! his career of artist was ended—and forever.

A few days after the amputation the Englishman called on him, and without noticing the angry reception he met, said to the suffering artist,

"If you think my vengeance is satisfied with your shattered hand and the wreck of your artist's career, you strangely underrate the agony of a deceived, dishonored husband. Though I have condemned you to a life of vain regrets, to a never ending series of impotent sighs, to a total oblivion by all amateurs and historians of art—"



GAY DECEIVERS.

Georgina.—"Do you know, dear, I'm so unhappy now dear Charles has gone away!"

Gertrude.—"And I miss dear Percy dreadfully—I do hope they'll get home safely!"

[We wonder what dear *Charles* and dear *Percy* would think of your grief, if they saw you eating those ices every day, you little humbugs!

"Oh, no, sir," interrupted the artist, his face beaming with a ray of hope, "the last you cannot do. My Madonna, at St. Petersburg; my Luther, at Berlin; my Flight into Egypt, at Paris; my—"

The Englishman interrupted him in turn—

"Spare me," said he, "the names of your works, but look over this catalogue, and see if I have not the exact list of them all."

"Yes, they are all there—even the painting I finished the day before the duel."

"So I was persuaded. All the paintings on this catalogue are my property; being my property, I do with them what I please; I please to burn them, aye, to burn every one of them, that your name shall be effaced from the glorious roll of artists. In two hours from this time, your toil, your conceptions, your skill will be as completely effaced from this world as the lines which the urchin traces in the sand are effaced by the rising tide; fire is as destructive as water."

In vain the poor artist begged for mercy; the wronged husband was insensible to his supplications; and in two hours the servant brought to the artist's room a large earthen vessel commonly used to contain oil, filled with ashes—it was all that remained of his paintings.

Agricultural.

Cut Up Corn by the Ground.—A "Young Farmer" asks whether it is better to "top" corn by taking off the stalks at the ears, and afterward gather the crop, or to cut the whole stalk at the bottom. We have always advised the latter course, and still recommend it for the following reasons. It saves labor. The whole hill can be served almost at a blow, while topping requires handling each stalk. The stalks yield more fodder; the bottom leaves can be well cured and saved. The crop can be housed earlier, and much saved from moulding, and destruction by birds and vermin. The crop should be cut as soon as the corn is glazed. The sap remaining in the stalk will be appropriated by the kernels, and the stalks, if properly cured, and housed, will make good fodder. It may afterward be husked out at leisure, under cover. This plan of course will hardly do on the prairies, where hundreds of acres in a body are cultivated, but is applicable in most other sections, where only limited acres are given to corn.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Lord of the Soil.—The man who stands upon his soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.—*Everett.*

Choice of Animals for Fattening.

Mr. Hedley contributes the following valuable hints on fattening cattle to the Newcastle Club, which we find published in the Agricultural Gazette, England. He says:

"In my close identification with fat cattle for several years, I have always found the best animals have the most massive heads, most capacious chests, and the strongest spines. I have, therefore, evolved a few rules to go by in the purchase of lean ones, and scarcely with one exception I have found them to be applicable. The *head* of any of our bovine races ought to have the first consideration; this is the true index to the vital acumen, and even bodily construction, and will be found to foreshadow all good or bad that may be accomplished. Thus an animal possessed of a broad, full, capacious skull, with strong, evenly-bent, deflective horn, will be found to have a thick neck at the base, wide thorax, and strong nervous system; while one with long, narrow, contracted skull, and puny, abruptly-bent horns, will be characterised by weakness, wildness, and slowness to fatten. A small, dull, sunken eye betokens hardness of touch, and inaptitude to fatten; and a bright, large, open eye, *vice versa.* A staring, dark, fiery eye often accompanies a small forehead and hereditary wildness, and when combined with small, drooping horns, and a chin with no loose skin hanging from it, is a very despicable animal indeed, weak in constitution, predisposed to lung disease, and sterile in fattening propensities. Animals with weakly-formed heads have always small loins, and the width of these parts will always be found in an exact ratio with the strength of the head.

The Old Farm.—I have noticed the manner with which men, not at all remarkable for sentiment, return "to the old farm." Some peculiar practice in agriculture is being discussed, when, as a closing argument in favor of their own side of the question, they relate how things were done on the old farm, as if nothing more need be said on the subject after that. It makes no difference if they themselves are occupying farms whose fertility and beauty far surpass the old stony, hilly one, whose most conspicuous disadvantage and deformity was its multitude of stumps. There is ever a charm lingering about that well-remembered home. In the mind of the most matter-of fact business man the old farm seems like fairy-land. They do not judge it with their present eyes, but with the careless gaze of boyhood. The plentiful bunches of elder bushes that grew along the edge of the pond; the bare, unsightly stone wall on whose top he walked to gather the purple raspberries; are all lovingly remembered. This feeling is by no means confined to those who follow farming as a livelihood, but those who have entered what is called the *learned professions,* and whose busy life-path has led them hundreds of miles away from the old homestead, still dream and speak of making one more journey back to "the old farm before they die."—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

A Western Farm.—The large scale on which farming operations are carried on at the West, is strikingly shown by the following description:—The celebrated farm of M. L. Sullivant, in Champaign county, Illinois, which he is bringing into cultivation, is seven miles long and five and a half wide—it contains twenty-two thousand acres. In May last, eleven thousand acres of this farm had been enclosed and subdivided into fields of a section or two, more or less, each. He had a large force building fence, and a month later he expected to have twenty thousand acres enclosed with board fence. He depends mainly on raising corn and feeding cattle for profit, and has at the present time over five thousand head of cattle. Of the eleven thousand acres above mentioned, one thousand eight hundred were devoted to corn, eight hundred to winter wheat, forty to oats, and one thousand five hundred to meadow. The rest are in pasture. Twenty-two thousand bushels of corn were sold at 42 cents per bushel this spring, amounting to over $9,000; and five hundred tons of timothy hay brought $5,000. There are also four thousand worn-down government horses pasturing and recruiting on this farm.—Seventy-five span of horses, seventy-five yoke of oxen, and some mules are used for working it.

Useful Receipts.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—I take particular pleasure in sending you the following recipe. In the list of catsups it stands unrivalled, and deserves the wide circulation which it can no where else better attain than in the *kitchen* department of "The Post."

Cucumber Catsup.—Take ten or twelve fully-grown yellow cucumbers; having pared off the rind and scooped out the seeds, wipe the melon dry, cut it into narrow strips, a fourth of an inch in width, and chop up each strip into tiny blocks; to these add six large white onions and six green peppers, also chopped into little bits. Mix all together, adding a handful of salt. Put them into a jelly-bag and drain for a few hours until no more juice drops from the bag. When dry, add to them, two ounces each, of black and white mustard seeds, put into a stone jar, cover with cold, strong vinegar, and in two weeks the housewife will be repaid for her trouble by some of the most appetizing sauce that ever graced her table. The season for preparing the catsup is just at hand, as in every cucumber patch are now lying numbers of yellow cucumbers "running to seed," and just ripe for the pickle jar.

Nun's Bread.—One pint of milk, a large teaspoonful of lard, two eggs, a cupful of yeast, salt, and sufficient flour to make it almost the consistence of *rusk* dough.—Grease the pan in which you intend to bake it. Pour in the dough. Let it rise and then bake in a quick oven. When done, cut into slices, and butter them, beginning with the lower crust. Replace them, and send to the table in the shape of the original loaf.

Harrisburg, 1863. N. A. M. E.

RECEIPT FOR INDIAN PUDDING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two quarts of milk, two heaping teacups of Indian meal, two tablespoonfuls of flour, teacup of molasses, small piece of butter, salt and sugar to taste. Boil milk, mix flour, meal and salt together, stir with milk while hot, boil molasses and stir in; after the pudding is in the oven, pour a cup of cold milk into it, but do not stir it. Bake two and a half hours.

A. L. P.

To Preserve Peaches.—The clear-stone yellow peaches, white at the stone, are the best. Weigh the fruit after it is pared. To each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf-sugar. Put a layer of sugar at the bottom of the preserving-kettle, and then a layer of fruit, and so on until the fruit is all in.—Stand it over hot ashes until the sugar is entirely dissolved; then boil them until they are *clear;* take them out piece by piece, and spread them on a dish free from syrup. Boil the syrup in the pan until it jellies; when the peaches are cold, fill the jars half full with them, and fill up with the boiling syrup. Let them stand a short time covered with a thin cloth, then put on brandy paper, and cover them close with corks, skin, or paper. From twenty to thirty minutes will generally be sufficient to preserve them.

Peach Jam, or Marmalade.—The fruit for this preserve must be quite ripe and perfectly sound. Pare, stone, weigh and boil it quickly for three-quarters of an hour, and do not fail to stir it often during the time; draw it from the fire, and mix with it ten ounces of well-refined sugar, rolled or beaten to powder, for each pound of the peaches; clear it carefully from the scum and boil it briskly for five minutes; add the strained juice of one or two *good* lemons; continue the boiling for three minutes only, and pour out the marmalade. Two minutes after the sugar is stirred to the fruit add the blanched kernels of part of the peaches.

Brandy Peaches.—Take four pounds of ripe peaches, two pounds of powdered loaf-sugar. Put the fruit over the fire in cold water; *simmer,* but not boil, till the skins will rub off easily. Stone them, if liked.—Put the sugar and fruit in alternate layers in the jars till filled; then pour in white brandy, and cover the whole. Cork tightly.

☞ The Louisville Journal asks:—If a drafted man obtains a substitute, and the substitute is shot when attempting to desert, what is the legal status of the drafted man? Has he been killed by proxy, and should his next of kin take out letters testamentary?

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 41 letters.

My 26, 21, 6, is a color.
My 17, 11, 15, 26, is what persons often receive.
My 1, 9, 28, is of great use in cooking.
My 34, 39, 3, is an expression often used.
My 7, 13, 15, is not good.
My 10, 20, 35, is very plentiful in the city.
My 18, 5, 24, is often applied to a baby.
My 2, 25, 41, 12, is applied to a steam locomotive.
My 4, 23, 26, 39, 31, 32, are very plentiful in New York State.
My 37, 41, 38, 29, 19, is a woman's name.
My 36, 14, 16, 22, is a luminary.
My 40, 37, 22, 30, 27, are scarce at present.
My 33, 2, is an exclamation.
My 12, 5, 41, 26, is an animal.
My 4, 21, 18, 27, are often put in books.
My 40, 16, 4, 14, 35, 6, 11, 1, is a tropical fruit.
My 1, 33, 14, 21, 12, is a kind of fish.
My 26, 38, 29, 17, 8, creates excitement.
My 41, 6, 18, 9, 20, 8, 35, 36, is where a great battle was fought.

My whole is a public document. C. L. E.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 19, 13, 4, 10, 6, 15, is in short my whole.
My 2, 12, 3, 20, and you will obtain knowledge.
My 3, 14, 17, 12, 19, is a carpenter's tool.
My 4, 7, 12, is used to denote anger.
My 5, 14, 1, 6, 15, is in civil law a guardian.
My 8, 16, 5, is a fondling.
My 11, 18, 9, is in common use by millers.

My whole is a notorious rebel.

Nashport, Ohio. J. J. SHIPLEY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a vowel.
My 2nd is not far off.
My 3rd everything in existence has.

My whole is a style of dress frequently seen now-a-days.

Ohio. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is decidedly "high."
My 2nd is a verb.
My whole walks upright.
My whole is something magical.

Carroll Co. EMMA.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I once had a well glazed earthen vessel, whose inside hollow was in the shape of a semisphere. During a rainy night it stood out in an open place, and in the morning I found that the water stood in its bottom 3 inches deep. I then measured this water, and found it to be 3 quarts, wine measure. By this I would like to know to what depth the rain had fallen on the level plain on said rainy night. Will any mathematician return me the answer, together with its manner of solution?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBABILITY QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two rods, 3 and 4 feet long respectively, having their middle points connected by a string 1 foot in length, are thrown up. Required—the probability of their crossing?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a well whose depth is such that if a stone is dropped in, the echo will be heard 7½ seconds after being dropped. Required, the depth of the well?

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is life the riddle of all riddles? Ans.—Because we must all give it up.

☞ What is the difference between a field of ice and a running stream? Ans.—One is a *floe* of ice, and the other a *flow* of water.

☞ What class of French troops would be most useful in Alabama just now? Ans.—The *Garde Mobile.*

☞ What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question? Ans.—Acquiescence.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—"By the ascendancy that a powerful mind obtains over a weak one."—*Marechale d'Ancre.* GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy." RIDDLE.—Rosa Bonheur.

Answer to PROBLEM by J. S. Ross, Jr., published August 15th.—The numbers are 10 and 6.—Gill Bates, Wm. Edgar Sackett, Jr., Connecticut, R. James McBride, and Artemas Martin.

Answer to PROBLEM by F. W. Hibbard, same date.—4, 6, 8, 10.—E. Hagerty, Gill Bates, Artemas Martin, Reuben Barto, and Ecolier.